BBC
DOCTOR WHO
THE
TWELFTH DOCTOR
ANNUAL 2026

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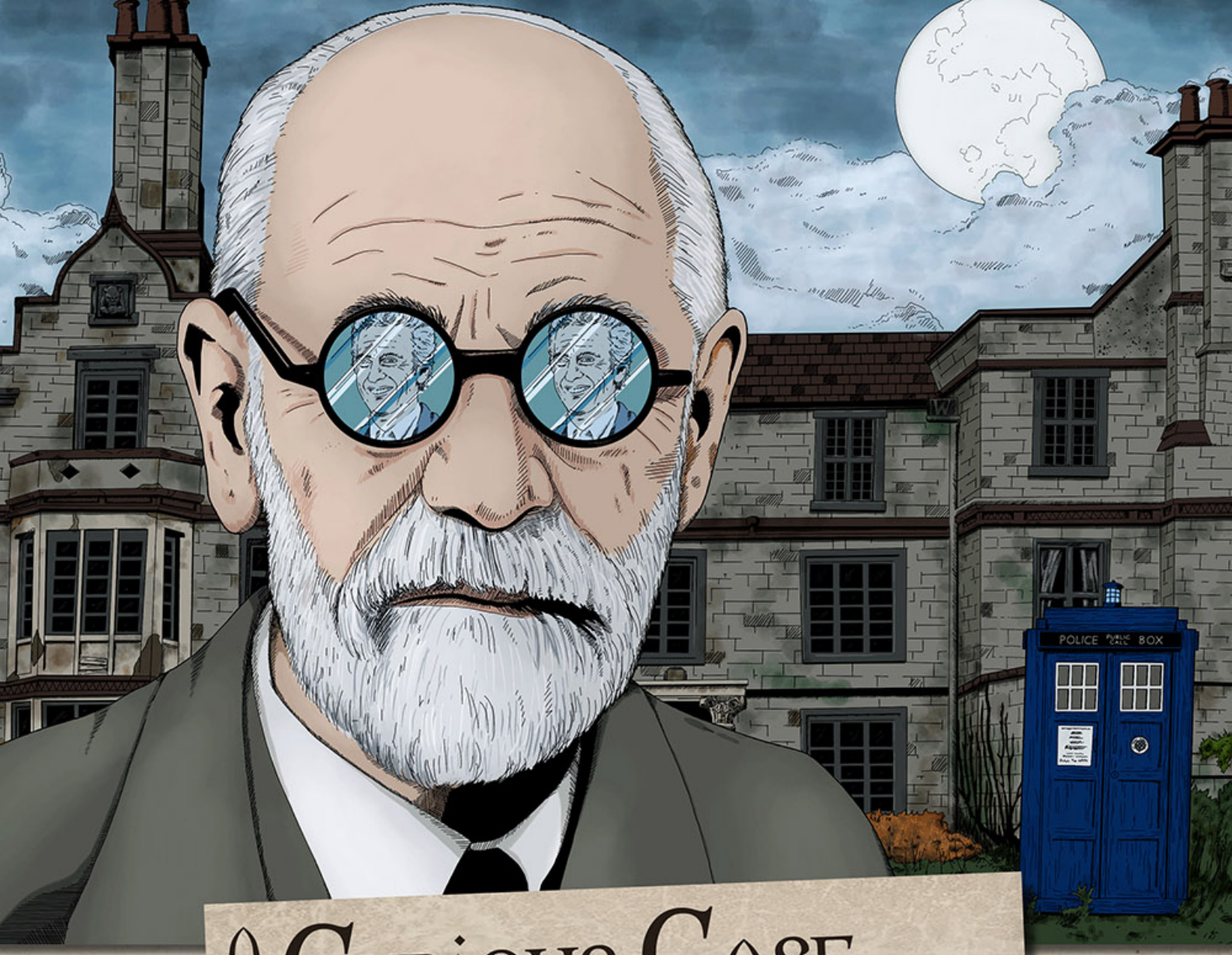
CONTENTS

Game: 66 Seconds
Story: A Curious Case of Madness
Game: Attactiks
Puzzle: Second Sight
Story: Henry's Angel
Feature: Two Sentence Horror Vol. 2
Feature: Mystery History – Marie Celeste
Story: So This Is Christmas

66 SECONDS

Cut out the tiles and turn them over and mix them up.
Then set a timer for 66 seconds. Turn two tiles over at a time.
If you match a pair, leave them revealed.
Can you match the two white scrolls in 66 seconds to make the Foretold surrender before you DIE?



A Curious Case of Madness

Othertime

Bill Potts sat on the steps that lead up from the TARDIS central console area, her chin rested on her hands as the Doctor walked around the console panels, lost in his own world, as he tinkered with buttons and switches in what seemed to be a random order. She was, unusually, a bit bored. Bill looked at a haphazard stack of books that laid next to her on the step. The title of the top book made her laugh out loud.

'Mrs Beaton's Book on Household Management? What?' Bill laughed. 'Did people actually read this stuff?'

'It's a classic,' the Doctor muttered, a wistful smile broke out onto his face. 'She even signed it for me.' Bill opened the book.

'There,' he added, as he pointed towards the book without even breaking eye contact with the TARDIS console display screens. 'Just inside the front cover. It's a first edition too.' He seemed especially proud of that achievement.

12th October 1928

Doctor Harrison Bell
Renwick Asylum
Renwick Village
Somerset
England

Dear Doctor Bell

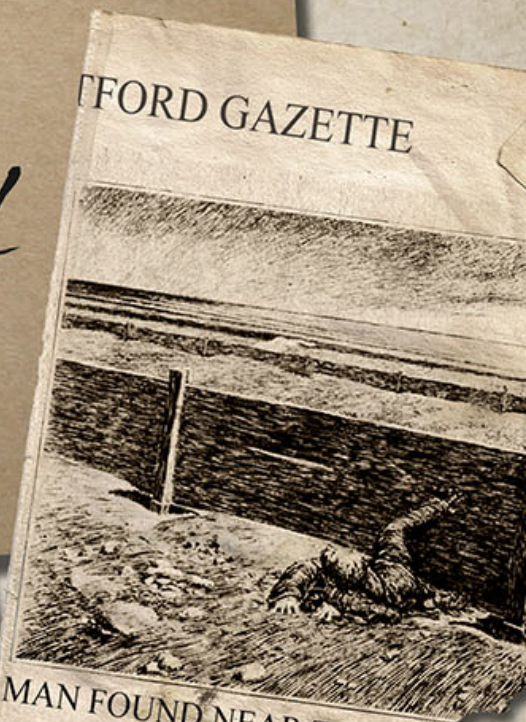
Thank you for your rather intriguing invitation to provide you with an opinion on what you describe most tantalisingly as 'a most curious case of madness'.

I read with great interest your thoughts and I find that I must agree that it does indeed sound a most bewildering case. I hope to arrive towards the end of the month.

I look forward to making your acquaintance.

Yours faithfully,

Sigm. Freud



TFORD GAZETTE

MAN FOUND NEAR TO ROM

RENWICK, Suffolk. A man was found ne
Romfield House, known locally as the 'Witc
speaking in a delirious manner. He was admit
local Renwick Asylum, run by the charitable
Harrison Bell.

House has long since been
veral people have reported the

'These look nice,' Bill said as she saw some pictures of her simnel cakes. 'Tell me you had some of her cakes.'

'Yes, I was fond of her buns,' he added.

'Uh-OK...' Bill replied tentatively as she put the book down and decided to quickly change the subject. But she didn't have to. An alarm abruptly sounded.

'That's really not good,' the Doctor frowned. 'Not good at all. I mean, 'catastrophic' would probably cover it in fewer words.'

Bill stood up and walked towards the console, almost falling over as the room lurched to one side. 'What's wrong?' she asked.

'The navigation has stopped working, the defence shielding is... well...'

'What?'

'Fried,' the Doctor grimaced. 'And the coffee machine insists on making me tea,' he added as he took a sip from a bone china cup that was suddenly (and inexplicably) in his hands.

'Average day?' Bill asked.

'Average day,' the Doctor replied, with a deep frown.

'It's a psychic distress call, the magnitude is huge. It's overloaded the psychic circuits and that's affected the navigation.'

'What does all that mean?' Bill asked worriedly.

'Brace yourself, Bill,' the Doctor warned. 'We're going to crash.'

Renwick, Essex, England. 15th October, 1926

It was with a mixture of anticipation and trepidation that Sigmund Freud stepped out of the black taxi and looked towards the extensive stone building that stood like an old decaying behemoth in the midst of an otherwise grey, barren landscape. Its very isolation, several miles away from the nearest town or village, meant that its unyielding presence dominated the entire area, like an old spider waiting in the middle of its web.

Freud had been invited at the request of Dr Harrison Bell, an eminent British psychiatrist who had been the director of the asylum for the last fourteen years. Renwick Asylum had been owned by the Bell family for seven generations, though the family fortune and the status of the asylum had suffered somewhat over the last decade or so. Much of the asylum was now derelict, collecting nothing but slow decay. Only the North Wing remained in use.

'Thank you, sir,' Freud said to the taxi driver who had escorted him to this godforsaken place as he pressed some coins into the man's hand to tip him for the long journey. At the sight of the asylum, Freud's mind returned to the intriguing letter that had arrived in his study just a day shy of a fortnight earlier. Dr Bell has promised him the unique opportunity to examine 'the most curious case of madness I have ever seen', and Freud hadn't been able to resist the temptation.

The heavy oak doors that stood as sturdy wooden protectors of the asylum were opened as Freud approached, and his mysterious host, Dr Harrison Bell, stepped out to greet him. Dr Bell was a thin man of medium height, with thinning brown hair and a bushy auburn beard that framed a warm, if nervous, smile.

'Welcome to Renwick Asylum,' Dr Bell said, 'I am a keen student of your work, Dr Freud. I've been looking forward to your arrival greatly. It should prove to be an interesting few days.'

Freud smiled back and noticed that Dr Bell was tentative, guarded. Bell's manner suggested he was hiding a considerable desperation and was close to breaking point, though Bell masked it as best he could. That piqued Freud's curiosity.

The walls of Renwick Asylum were a dull, dark grey carapace, that formed an impenetrable barrier between the world outside and those unfortunates who were

trapped inside of it. Everything about the building gave it a pervading sense of the unnatural.

The strange quiet was broken by a sudden screeching noise as a solid shape materialised in the air before slamming into the ground. Disguised as a mundane metropolitan police box, it was, in fact, an infinitely impossible time-space machine. A creaky door was pulled open and the Doctor strode out, his hair fluttered gently as the blustery wind whipped at his face. He examined the ground beneath the TARDIS, it seemed stable enough. Bill stepped out behind him, equally tentative.

'Where are we?' Bill asked.

The Doctor's eyes darted about taking in the details of their surroundings. His eyes fixed on a small brass panel that had been screwed to a wall next to the large oak doors.

'An asylum,' the Doctor said, 'and an almost derelict one at that.' He squinted his eyes to look at the panel. 'Renwick Asylum, according to the door plate. Let's have a look around.'

Bill started to follow the Doctor, but just as he disappeared through the grand oak door of Renwick Asylum, her gaze caught one of the windows high up on the crumbling front of the building. She thought for a moment that something stood in one of the windows, staring at her, but as her eyes focused on the window she could only see an old sheet that hung there.

Just trick of the light. Maybe.

The Doctor walked down a corridor, hands crossed behind his back and his coattails flapped behind him.

'Wait up,' Bill shouted behind him. The Doctor turned around and paused for her to catch up. 'You are way too keen for a place as creepy as this. Have you even seen Scooby Doo?'

'Scooby Who?' the Doctor frowned. Bill didn't elaborate.

Two men turned the corner and stopped abruptly at the sight of the Doctor and Bill.

'Sigmund Freud,' the Doctor announced, instantly recognising history's most famous psychologist.

Freud was stunned at the unusual turn of events, a situation not helped by the Doctor grabbing his hand and shaking it vigorously. He didn't smile too often, and when he did it didn't always look like it fitted him. But his delight at meeting Freud had been impossible to hide.

'Sigmund! How are you?' the Doctor grinned enthusiastically before glancing towards Bill. 'Sigmund Freud,' he explained. 'We go way back, or at least I do. He might not just yet.'

'I'm afraid I don't know either of you,' Freud said, his eyes flitted between the Doctor and Bill.

'Oh well,' the Doctor said, 'that answers that question. I'm the Doctor and this is Bill Potts.'

'Hi,' Bill smiled enthusiastically.

'Where did you two come from?' frowned Dr Bell.

'We are staying at the, um,' the Doctor fumbled, 'Globe Inn, in, er, Burnstow.'

'But that's-'

'Quite a hike,' the Doctor completed before turning back towards Freud. 'Sigmund Freud in an asylum, there must be something very interesting going on here,' the Doctor pondered, his smile remained in place.

'Yes,' Freud said. 'According to the esteemed Dr Bell here, a most curious case of madness.'

The Doctor was about to reply when Dr Bell, who had been quiet so far during the encounter, stepped between him and Freud.

'We could do without the distractions of amateurs,' Bell protested.

'Brutal,' Bill muttered.

'This man says he is a doctor,' Freud interjected. 'Maybe he could help. You said the patient had confounded all of your experts so far.' Freud paused and considered

the Doctor further for a moment. 'I do not recognise this man, despite his protestations to the contrary. Let us take them to see your patient, Dr Bell. I would be intrigued to see what they think.'

'Are you a psychiatric doctor?' Bell asked.

'I'm a doctor of many things,' the Doctor replied.

'He is, most certainly, a learned man,' Freud said, interjecting the conversation. 'I can guarantee that from his demeanour at least.'

Dr Bell considered Freud's words, keeping his eyes fixed on the Doctor as he thought them through.

'Let's see what this... Doctor... and his companion think of our patient,' Dr Bell agreed, shoving his hands in his pockets and turned to walk down the corridor.

The patient just stood there, eerily still and mostly obscured behind a solid rusted iron door that had an inset window punctuated by vertical bars. The man's eyes were almost the only part of him that was visible, the lower half of his face was covered by a leather mask that had been wired in place.

All Bill Potts could think of was Hannibal Lecter. A cold shiver ran down her spine.

'I really don't like this,' Bill whispered to the Doctor, her voice shaky.

The patient's eyes suddenly flicked towards Bill and remained staring at her.

'We don't know who he is, or where he's from,' Dr Bell spoke, a degree of embarrassment in his tone. Bill noted that Dr Bell addressed the patient like he was a specimen, not a person, whose sole existence was to be examined and analysed. 'We found him, almost catatonic, at the Witch House.'

'The Witch House?' the Doctor echoed curiously.

Now the patient's eyes flicked to him.

Does he even blink? Bill wondered.

He looked at her, almost sensing her thoughts and started to blink rapidly.

Dr Bell slid a cover across the barred window on the cell door, shutting the patient out of sight, but Bill could still feel him staring at her.

'Let us retire to somewhere more comfortable,' Freud said as he placed a hand on Bill's shoulder, recognising her discomfort.

The quartet moved to a large room a couple of corridors away that had been partially converted into a library area complete with volumes of old books and files that sat on wooden shelves, and unsorted boxes opposite. There were two grey leather sofas in the centre of the room which allowed them to sit down and consider the patient they had just encountered.

Dr Bell explained to the group that the patient was found wandering in the grounds of a local derelict house, formally titled the 'Romfield House' but known locally as the 'Witch House'.

'He was already insane when the police found him,' Dr Bell added. 'Catatonic from hysteria. He may very well have psychosis, but his mutism makes any exploration of that possibility very difficult.'

'Yet he is certainly alert and attentive,' Freud noted, 'grounded in his surroundings even if he doesn't vocalise. I don't think he has a psychosis.'

'Mute?' the Doctor questioned them. 'Didn't you hear it? The rhyme he whispered? Over and over.'

Bill, Freud and Dr Bell looked quizzically at the Doctor.

'What did he say?' Freud asked.

'Maybe it would be best if we went back, and if you listen closely, you can hear it.'

It was there, somewhere in the background, Bill realised. It didn't seem to come from the patient, it seemed to come from the stone walls all around them, and even though she hadn't heard him talk before she knew the words were his.

There's a knocking in the cellar
In the darkest dead of night,
Poor old Joe went down there
But his soul died of fright.

There's a scratching in the cellar
Where nightmares wait for you,
Nancy went to have a look
But they took Nancy too.

There's a screaming in the cellar
When the blackest night is still,
Men will die and widows cry
When the Rag Men rise to kill.

Bill noticed that Sigmund Freud was profoundly disturbed. Although the famous psychologist shared the Doctor's intense curiosity, he didn't share his apparent lack of fear.

'Even the human mind has its limits,' Freud noted solemnly. 'Poor soul.'

'I agree, Sigmund, but he's not human,' the Doctor said as he looked into the patient's eyes. 'Although his mind has been pushed beyond its limit.'

Bill scrutinised the patient more closely. He seemed human to her, but she had travelled with the Doctor enough to know appearances could be deceiving. There was Heather, for one! She would never have thought the girl she met at the bar at university was really a watery alien with shapeshifting and space-travelling talents. Even the Doctor had looked just like one of those harmless eccentric old university lecturers he was purporting to be when they first met. This was an uncertain universe, but also all the more exciting for it.

'How can you tell he's not human?' asked Freud.

'He's telepathic,' the Doctor explained as he turned to Bill. 'I've been hearing that rhyme since the TARDIS materialised. Interesting, isn't it?'

Bill was starting the hate this situation even more. 'Can't we ever go anywhere nice and safe?'

'Where would the fun be in that?' the Doctor smiled.

Back at the asylum's makeshift library, the Doctor had asked Dr Bell about the history of the Romfield House, and they all listened as the tragic story unfolded.

The house had been, for many years, the property of the Romfield family, a well-to-do family that had lived in this area for eight

ROMFIELD

generations. Their annual summer party was a highlight of the local social scene, at least for the wealthy and well-connected, but they stopped about 5 years ago when Mrs Romfield became unwell, eventually succumbing to 'consumption'.

The house fell into disrepair as the remaining family members mourned and became reclusive.

'Then, about 3 months ago,' Dr Harrison Bell continued, 'on a cursed, godforsaken night, Joseph Romfield, and his daughter, Nancy, died in the house. No-one knew how they had died, but the pathology reports said that they both died 'of fright'. They were found in the cellar, just as in the patient's rhyme. What they saw in that house, no-one will ever know.'

'Not unless we go and have a look ourselves,' the Doctor proposed with a glint in his eye. 'It's almost dusk,' he added as he looked out of the window. 'Perfect time for visiting a haunted house.'

The Doctor, Bill and Sigmund Freud had gathered outside Renwick Asylum, the dusk air had developed a sharp chill, although Bill noted that the Doctor seemed impervious to it, his clear excitement at exploring the Witch House impossible for him to hide.

Bill pulled the Doctor to one side. 'You said you were telepathic... Like E.T. or something, or Mr Spock?'

'Time Lords are telepathic, to a degree,' the Doctor explained.

'Is he a Time Lord?' Bill asked.

'No, but he is alien to this world. Sigmund and I are going to the Witch House, but maybe you could stay here and find out as much as you can about our curious patient, and this asylum whilst you're at it.'

Sigmund Freud walked up to them both.

'My lady, the Doctor mentioned that you and he travel together.'

'Yes,' Bill smiled, 'but I've only recently joined him. Nardole will kill us if he knows we're here.'

'Nardole?' mused Freud. 'Where did you both travel from?'

'Bristol,' Bill replied. 'Er, University.'

Freud smiled back. 'My apologies. I don't mean to pry. It's a bad habit of mine, I find people fascinating.' He smiled warmly. 'What do you make of the patient we saw earlier?'

'Um, well he is, um,' Bill struggled. 'I'm not really sure, yet. The Doctor suggested I look through his notes.'

Freud chuckled. 'If it helps, I don't know what to make of him either yet. Maybe when we speak to him again, you can find out a little more. I'd be interested in hearing what you find out.'

'Are you coming Sigmund?' the Doctor prompted him.

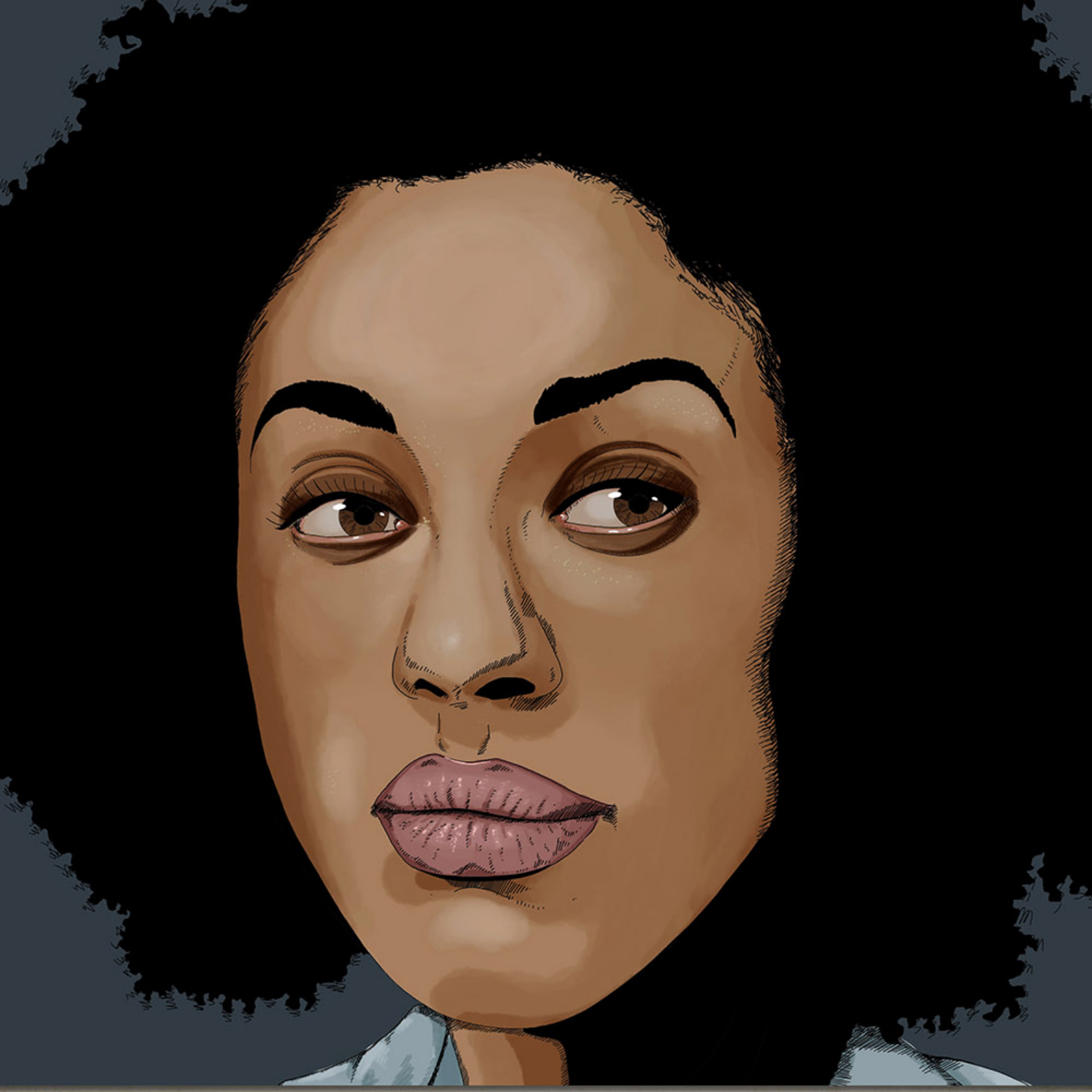
'Yes, I'm ready to go. Goodbye, Miss Potts.'

The Doctor hesitated for a moment as Freud walked over to the door, ready to leave.

'We'll be back soon,' the Doctor promised before turning to leave with Freud.

Freud looked at the outside of the Witch House from the safety of the road. Dr Bell's chilling description was not hyperbole after all. He could still make out the once splendid architecture that had no doubt been the pride of the Romfield family in its heyday, but its descent into disrepair was all too evident now – cracked and broken masonry, overgrown thick weeds in what remained of the garden, and most disturbingly of all, a dense, black moss had spread over most of the house's exterior, as if the very depths of the earth were trying to reclaim it. He felt an overwhelming nausea in his gut, like claws tugging at his innards.

A flicker of motion broke his thoughts, and he saw that it was the Doctor making his way to the front door in rather a hurry. Twice now he had seen the Doctor in situations where both the brave and the foolhardy would still feel trepidation – but the Doctor had not exhibited fear either time. If this did not make the Doctor



frightened, what would, he wondered. He would be an interesting case for psychoanalysis. There was a momentary buzzing at the door, accompanied by an eerie flash of blue light followed by a loud clunk.

'There we go!' the Doctor announced as the door opened.

Freud stared into the darkness that lay beyond the door. Something in that darkness was tempting him inside.

Bill had read a few pages of the mysterious patient's notes before moving on to the local records that Dr Bell had been studying. It was really hard going, the books were written in a combination of Latin and 'Olde' English, but she seemed to understand both languages with an unexpected fluency.

It hadn't taken her long to find a few pages on the Romfield House. The records showed that the house was built in 1643 by Cornelius Romfield who moved to the area

from Yorkshire. Cornelius Romfield had been a cotton merchant who had retired and looked for pastures new. The family history, though, was otherwise unremarkable, beyond the annual social evening that Dr Bell had mentioned before.

Bill also noticed some newspaper cuttings that Dr Bell had salvaged from the incident where the two family members had died, and he had attached them inside the records. It confirmed his story that the deaths were recorded as 'from fright' though there were no reports of subsequent investigations. She felt she was just hitting dead end after dead end.

Bill looked out of a nearby window where she saw that the wind had whipped up and had battered the trees. Curiosity was starting to gnaw at her, and she decided she would have to go down and see the patient again.

Maybe there was some clue there.

The inside of the Witch House was black with deep shadows, the walls cracked, the wallpaper peeling. The house had decayed severely in the three months since its alleged curse. The white sheets that had been used to cover the furniture were now yellow-grey with dust.

'"*It was a house without kindness, never meant to be lived in, not a fit place for people or for love or for hope,*"' the Doctor muttered.

'What?' Freud asked as he looked at the Doctor.

'Oh, nothing. Just a book I was reading.'

The Doctor saw an open wooden door at the end of the hallway, the inlaid glass panels were cloudy with grime so the faint ambient light cast an ethereal glow. As he cautiously stepped through the door, the Doctor noticed that it was full of gravestones, most of them blank with the names of their dead future owners yet to be

chiselled into them. The Doctor walked inside to get a closer look, his eyes shifted around the oddly shaped room, but he was suddenly overwhelmed with crippling vertigo. Nausea rose up through him like a tidal wave, and he struggled to breathe, like he was drowning in air. His vision closed in and everything blurred.

As he lay on the floor, he struggled to orientate himself, the sound of scraping stone welling in his ears, and the gravestones started to close in on him. The gravestones pressed with an ever increasing weight and he couldn't breathe any more. A hand grabbed his wrist and yanked him from the room. It was Freud.

The Doctor panted as he looked back into the room, sweat dripped from his brow. The room appeared the same as before, but the gravestones that he saw there earlier were no longer present. All he could see was furniture covered in sheets. Had it all been a hallucination, he wondered. Could it have been a psychic assault? Whatever it had been, the Doctor was shaken and weakened by it, and he had no desire to experience it again.

'So you do get scared,' Freud said sympathetically, though with a touch of satisfaction. 'You are just as human as the rest of us.'

'I wouldn't quite go that far,' the Doctor said breathlessly in reply.

Bill entered the corridor just outside the cell where the patient was secured. She noticed that he had not moved at all since her earlier encounter with him, and, disturbingly, his expression had remained completely unchanged. Only the faint whisper that seemed to come from him suggested that he was not a statue but something terrifyingly real. She couldn't see it because of the mask, but Bill could tell that he was grimacing.

'I've, er, come to speak to you,' Bill said, but there was no reply.

Bill took another step closer to the door, but still some distance to the bars.

'What happened in the Romfield House?'

The man's eyes suddenly shifted and stared at her, but the rest of him did not move. Bill gasped and stepped back, stepping on a dirty linen sheet that was lying on the floor.

'Rag men!' screamed the patient as he suddenly thrust his face against the bars, convulsing violently, his eyes bulging as he laughed.

'The Rag Men come to life!' he shouted with glee.

Bill felt something brush her leg and she turned around to see what had caused it. The linen sheet on the floor was starting to twist around itself forming a thick coil.

'Rag Men!' the patient continued to shout. 'Rag Men!'

Another sheet wriggled through the gaps between bars from an adjacent empty cell, twisting into life as it formed a grotesque parody of human form. A Rag Man.

The two linen Rag Men lurched in her direction, awkward at first, long tendrils snaking out towards her and grabbing clumsily for her arms and legs. A fetid smell hit Bill's nostrils and she let out a reflex cough, waving her hand in front of her face to try and waft the offensive stench away.

Taking advantage of the Rag Men struggling to adapt to their new, twisted forms, Bill turned and ran as fast as she could as she heard the iron cell door being wrenched from the wall. She knew the Rag Men would soon be coming for her...

The Doctor had regained his composure somewhat and had started to venture further into the depths of the Witch House, keen to explore its mysteries further. Sigmund Freud, on the other hand, was intently observing the Doctor, having witnessed the first crack in his persona. The light was getting dimmer the further they went in, and their eyes started to struggle to make out any shapes.

'Aren't derelict houses annoying sometimes,' the Doctor muttered as he

fumbled in his pockets for his sonic screwdriver. Soon a blue light accompanied by a high frequency warble, illuminated the nearby area.

'An oil lamp,' the Doctor said as he picked it up from the oak sideboard and ignited it with his sonic screwdriver. 'It still works too.'

The Doctor opened another ornate door into a reception room. It was dark and musty, with thick layers of cobwebs hanging across the room obscuring the view. The Doctor edged forward, brushing away at the webs in front of him when he heard a sudden gasp and thump behind him. The Doctor spun around to see Sigmund Freud collapsed in a heap on the floor, a trickle of blood ran from the corner of his mouth to the worn carpet on the floor. He crouched down to examine Freud's body. It was already cold and pulseless.

'Another trick!' the Doctor said loudly, as if chastising the house. 'Although this time I'm prepared for your parlour tricks. You'll have to try better.'

He stood up and shook his head. Opening his eyes again he could see Sigmund Freud standing next to him.

'What did you see?' he asked.

'It showed me a hallucination of you lying on the floor, hurt. It's trying to play with my own fears – being trapped and unable to roam, being unable to save my companions from being hurt.'

'You appear to be conquering those fears, Doctor,' Freud noted.

'Those fears are always a part of me,' the Doctor confessed, 'and I'll never overcome them, or at least I hope I never will. That will be the day when I stop caring. The house has underestimated me – my fears keep me going, as much a companion to me as those who travel with me.'

'Though you keep your fears deep under the surface.'

'Of course,' the Doctor replied. 'I've got a

reputation to maintain you know. Or at least, used to have.'

The Doctor circled the room looking up towards the ceiling, addressing the house itself. 'Why though?' he shouted. 'Why?'

'Because some part of it needs it,' Freud pointed out. 'The house needs your fear to help itself, Doctor.'

Bill ran up a flight of stairs as fast as she could. The Rag Men were just behind her and had quickly adapted to their new forms very quickly. A slither of linen caught Bill by the ankle, tripping her up and causing her to crash down heavily onto the steps. She grabbed one of the linen tendrils and tore it off her leg, but the rest of the creature started to consume her.

Bill grabbed at a nearby door frame, but the Rag Man continued to pull her into its twisted body. Suddenly she saw a second figure was standing above her, a sword lifted above his head. It was Dr. Harrison Bell. He brought the sword down on her...

The Doctor ran his hand along a wall, noticing how the walls had started to rot and decay much more quickly than a house that had been vacant for a matter of months should be.

'It's interesting,' the Doctor pointed out to Freud, 'that the house seems to reflect the perceptions one has of it. A haunted house that looks, and feels, just like a haunted house should. Crumbling walls, creaking doors, gravestones... Cobwebs even.'

The Doctor turned around to see Freud standing close by, his face half-cast in shadows.

'It does seem to creep into the mind,' Freud answered.

'History's eminent psychoanalysist,' the Doctor responded with a smile. 'What did you mean earlier when you said, 'it needs our help'?'

'The house has a consciousness – it is aware of us, and it responds to our individual fears. Plays on out guilt. The superego, unchecked.' Freud paused in deepthought for a moment before he looked intently at the Doctor and continuing, his hypothesis about the Witch House forming as he explained it further. 'You mentioned earlier that the patient in the asylum was not human and telepathic. I read a paper by Frederick Myers, though no one took it seriously. Telepathy. I would scare have believed it were it not for that patient in Renwick Asylum.'

'It's more than just a theory, Sigmund,' the Doctor replied.

'But imagine if that patient's mind was separated – the ego and superego trapped here, the id the sole remaining component in his physical brain. Unregulated, crippling fear here, unbridled instinct there.'

'Sigmund. That's clever!' the Doctor exclaimed excitedly. 'Though I wouldn't expect anything less from you! The patient in the asylum kept repeating the rhyme about the cellar. I think the heart of the mystery originates there. It's always the cellar!'

Freud couldn't help but notice that the glib excitement that the Doctor had shown earlier had started to creep back into his demeanour. As they edged out of the room, something stirred in the shadows behind them. Some sheets that had been draped over the furniture started to twitch to life.

Dr Bell bolted the door shut as he helped Bill onto a nearby chair.

'Thanks,' Bill said as she tried to recover her breath. 'Will that hold them?'

'Not for long,' Dr Bell said, 'and even if it could I think those things would simply form elsewhere.'

Dr Bell removed the small piece of linen that had remained around Bill's ankle.

'It's my father's,' Dr Bell said, nodding in the direction of his sheathed sword. 'He was a soldier. He didn't follow the family tradition – the rest of us became doctors. But my only experience with sword-fighting

was with the wooden ones I used to play pirates with when I was a boy.'

He examined her ankle. 'Do you think you can walk?'

'Yeah, I should be OK,' Bill replied as she stood up tentatively, gently testing pressure through her ankle. It was slightly sore, but fine to walk on.

The door Dr Bell had closed started to shake and thud, the Rag Men were trying to force their way in.

The cellar was dark and dank, and full of old boxes and cases, all covered by a thick layer of dust.

'Bit disappointing,' the Doctor commented. 'I rather thought it would be a bit... bigger.'

The cellar was quite small, just big enough for three or four people to walk about in it. The Doctor was walking around the cellar, his sonic screwdriver illuminating the nooks and crannies as it scanned the walls.

'This must have been where the alien first arrived, but there's no sign of a spaceship or the residual energy from a matter transporter.'

The Doctor paused for a moment.

'You're very quiet, Sigmund.'

He turned around slowly to see that Freud was half engulfed by linen sheets that had wrapped around him. The sheets flowed further back and were contorted into humanoid shapes.

'I'm assuming that this time it's not an illusion,' the Doctor realised.

Dr Bell unlocked a door at the other side of the corridor they were in and ushered Bill into it.

'This is one of our storerooms. You can hide in here whilst I try and lead them away.'

'We could barricade the doors, you-'

'I'll be fine,' Dr Bell replied, unconvincingly. 'The Doctor, he needs to know what's happening here to he can stop it. You need to get away from here and find him, but that means one of us has to stay.'

A tear ran down Bill's cheek.

'Go!' Dr Bell shouted as he locked the door behind her, and hoisted the sword above his head.

Two writhing shapes stood just a few feet away from him, waiting for him to move, toying with him. Dr Bell roared as he charged towards them, but within seconds he was smothered by the sheets as they wrapped around him and squeezed tighter and tighter.

'Hold still, Sigmund,' the Doctor said as he approached his colleague, his sonic screwdriver directed towards the flailing linen shapes. 'Primitive emotions given physical form. If they didn't have you all wrapped up, I'm sure you'd adore them.'

The Doctor held the sonic in front of him and triggered the sonic, causing the linen tendrils to recoil. Freud fell forward, gasping for air, and was caught by the Doctor.

'The id is returning,' Freud said.

Behind the Doctor the brick walls of the cellar started to ripple.

'Oh no,' the Doctor said. 'We're in danger here, we need to get out.'

The Doctor grabbed Freud's hand and pulled him past the Rag Men who were starting to recover.

Bill was hiding behind a corner as the Rag Men searched for her. She crouched low down and tried desperately to silence her breathing as much as possible. She had to get back to the Doctor, but he was about half a mile away at the Witch House. She knew from the maps she'd looked at earlier with the rest of the files which direction she needed to head in, bit there were Rag Men blocking her path. They were between her and a corridor which led to the east wing exit she needed to leave by.

Suddenly, Bill heard a loud clatter – she had accidentally knocked over a bucket with her left foot, she let out a nervous gasp. The

Rag Men turned to see her. With only seconds to react, Bill realised she just had to make a dash for it, leaping forward between the writhing masses of two Rag Men and down the east wing corridor.

The Doctor raced up the creaky stairs, leaping two steps at a time, his feet racing almost as fast as his mouth was. Freud struggled to keep up – on both counts.

'I know who the patient in the asylum is, or rather what he is, since I don't actually know his name.'

Freud winced with pain as his foot slipped and he hit his shin. The Doctor spun around, grabbed his hand and yanked him back up the stairs, seeing the Rag Men starting to climb after them.

'Don't worry Sigmund, I'm used to running away from monsters.'

'Very metaphorical, Doctor,' Freud replied.

'Yep, you have me there,' the Doctor smiled. 'Come on!'

Bill forced herself to run as fast as she could manage, but her lungs were burning and her legs ached badly, but she had managed to keep the distance between her and the Rag Men. Her ankle seemed to barely bother her too. Look for the positives, she told herself.

Ahead of her, she could see the Doctor looking out of the window of the first floor of the Witch House, but the lower floor seemed to be rippling and warping. For a moment, the visual distortion made her nauseous, but the grunting of the Rag Men behind her soon brought her back to her senses.

'Bill!' the Doctor shouted from the window as he spotted her. 'Lead them towards the house!'

Bill rolled her eyes. 'I'm fine, by the way, thanks for not asking!' she protested between breaths.

But as Bill managed to run closer she saw

the Doctor as he tried to fight off, then was engulfed, by sheets of linen.

Bill ran closer to the house, but even the path underneath her feet started to shift. She hesitated at the door for a second, but there were Rag Men and the asylum patient closing in on her, not to mention that Rag Men attacking the Doctor and Freud upstairs. Bill forced open the front door and ran inside. Outside, the Rag Men flanked the door, allowing the patient to step inside.

Bill grabbed a chair and held it out towards him.

'Yeah, stay right there,' she warned.

The patient's eyes suddenly opened and the house started to glow a brilliant white forcing Bill to drop the chair as she covered her eyes with her hands.

The patient let out a shrill cry...

Moments later, there was a serene silence. Bill opened her eyes and saw that the house looked altogether different. Cleansed

somehow. Exorcised, even. The repressive gloom that had clung in the fetid air was gone, and the amber light of sunrise that now poured through the windows, flooded the room. The Rag Men that had crowded around Bill just moments ago were once again lifeless sheets of linen draped on the floor. The patient from Renwick Asylum stood in front of her, a new life in his eyes, a kind, warm expression. He removed his strait jacket and mask and placed them on a nearby chair.

'I'm sorry,' he spoke gently. 'I'm sorry for everything.'

Bill felt pity as she looked at him. The change in his demeanour was incredible, he was almost literally a different person, but she couldn't forget that in the chaos Dr Harrison had died so that she could escape the Rag Men. The man in front of her now had been the cause of all that chaos and destruction, but had he been himself unable to stop it, a prisoner of his own actions?

The Doctor and Freud made their way downstairs to the reception room to see Bill and the patient had sat down at a table. The patient looked completely different, his face mask and straitjacket had been removed, and, remarkably, they were both laughing.

'The id had reunited with the ego and superego,' Freud noted. 'His psyche is no longer fragmented.'

'Welcome back,' the Doctor said to the patient.

'So,' the Doctor muttered as he lay back on Freud's couch, 'there was no longer a haunted Witch House, no more Rag Men, and no longer a curious patient in the asylum.'

'Indeed,' Freud replied. He sat in his chair, considering the Doctor as he talked freely to him. Freud had examined many patients over the years, delved into many psyches, but none as interesting as the Time Lord's. 'Continue, Doctor.'

'It took me a while to realise exactly who the patient in the asylum was.' The Doctor frowned as he explained his deductions. 'An immortal being, stranded on Earth, his psyche split for some reason not long after he arrived, both parts struggling to survive on their own.' He glanced over towards Freud and saw the psychologist concentrating hard on his words. 'Some people my prefer the term god, intelligence, or eternal. I don't suppose that matters too much. He was not of the Earth.'

'A story that appears in many mythologies across the whole of the world, Doctor,' Freud added. 'The god who takes human form to learn what it is like to be mortal. Does that sound familiar, Doctor? The asylum patient wasn't the only alien who walked amongst mortal humans.'

The Doctor smiled. Freud was an expert on reflecting thoughts back with the intent to trigger further introspection. But the Doctor wasn't going the play ball.

'You must excuse me,' the Doctor said as he stood up and straightened his waistcoat. 'I'll need to get back to Bill. We have a place she wants to be.'

Freud smiled. He knew where Bill wanted to go, needed to go, without the Doctor having to tell him.

'Look after Miss Potts, Doctor,' he spoke.

'Until next time,' the Doctor replied as he left.

Alderglade Cemetary, close to Renwick Asylum

Bill stood in front of the gravestone, a delicately wrapped bunch of white chrysanthemums on one hand as her other wiped away some tears. The Doctor stood a foot or so behind her.

'He helped me escape. He tried to hold back the Rag Men.'

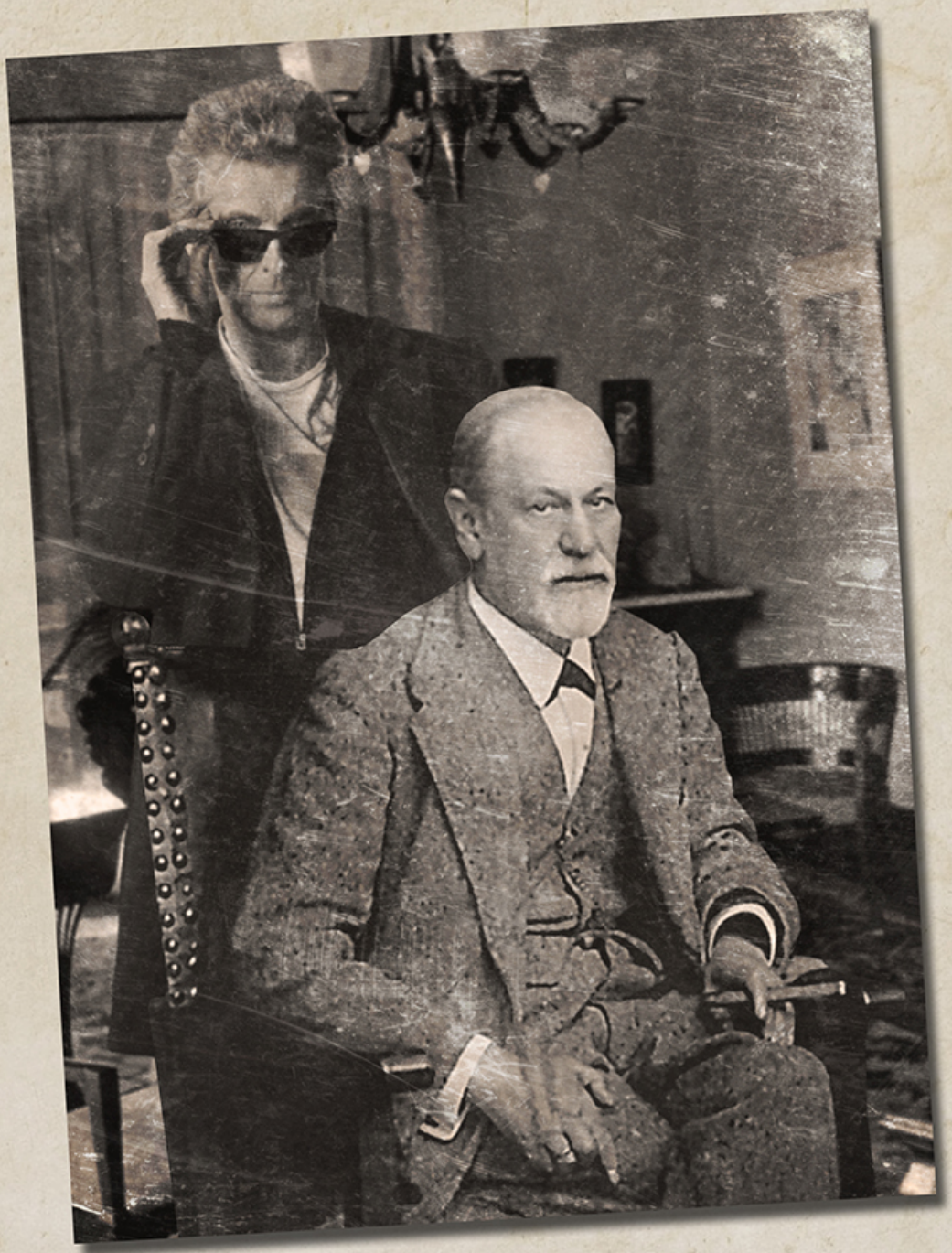
'He made a choice,' the Doctor said softly. 'We can remember his sacrifice, like we remember all those who laid down their lives for the sake of others.'

Bill cried and wiped tears from her eyes with a white handkerchief as she lay the flowers in front of Dr Harrison's gravestone. The Doctor and Bill stood for a while in silence; Bill wasn't sure how long. But after a while she was ready to go back to the TARDIS.

'How do you deal with it?' Bill asked the Doctor. He could see she was struggling to come to terms with Dr Harrison's sacrifice to save her.

'He saved you, and you, in turn, saved the rest of us.' The Doctor smiled at Bill. 'You led the patient to the Witch House so he could be reunited. Order was brought to chaos.' The Doctor put the TARDIS key in the lock of the huge police box. 'There's a lot more chaos in the universe,' he added. 'Come on Bill, lets get started.'

THE END



A Curious Case of Madness

ELIZA
ATK 2
SKL 4
STRENGTH 3
AGILITY 2
ENDURANCE 3
KNOWLEDGE 2
AWARENESS 4
RESOLVE 6
ROBIN HOOD
DEF 5
ATK 7
SKL 7
STRENGTH 5
AGILITY 6
ENDURANCE 4
KNOWLEDGE 3
AWARENESS 4
RESOLVE 6
DOCTOR WHO
THE DOCTOR
TARDIS TALES
ATK 4
DEF 5
SKL 8
STRENGTH 4
AGILITY 5
ENDURANCE 6
KNOWLEDGE 9
AWARENESS 8
RESOLVE 6
DOCTOR WHO
AT TAC TIK
DALEK
ATK 6
DEF 4
SKL 3
STRENGTH 8
AGILITY 2
AT TAC TIK
DOCTOR WHO

AT TAC TIK DOCTOR WHO

Welcome to **Attactik**, the free fan-made tactical card-game created by Malcolm Orr which sets up characters from the Whoniverse in Battle Scenarios and Dramatic Confrontations with different game modes.

Each card has 6 attributes: Strength, Agility, Endurance, Knowledge, Awareness and Resolve.

In addition to the attributes, 3 action scores are calculated: Attack (ATK), Defence (DEF) and Skill (SKL).

In the left lower corner, life points are represented by the number of hearts.

CHARACTER

ACTION SCORES

LIFE POINTS

ATTRIBUTES

Different games will use some or all of the information on the cards

ATTACTIK CARDS

ATTACTIK CARDS

CLARA OSWALD

ATK 3 DEF 4 SKL 4

STRENGTH	2
AGILITY	3
ENDURANCE	4
KNOWLEDGE	5
AWARENESS	6
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

THE DOCTOR

ATK 4 DEF 5 SKL 8

STRENGTH	4
AGILITY	5
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	9
AWARENESS	8
RESOLVE	6

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

BILLS POTTS

ATK 2 DEF 3 SKL 3

STRENGTH	2
AGILITY	3
ENDURANCE	2
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	2
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

RIVER SONG

ATK 3 DEF 5 SKL 6

STRENGTH	4
AGILITY	6
ENDURANCE	7
KNOWLEDGE	7
AWARENESS	6
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

KATE LETHBRIDGE-STEWART

ATK 5 DEF 4 SKL 4

STRENGTH	3
AGILITY	5
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	5
AWARENESS	6
RESOLVE	7

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

OSGOOD

ATK 2 DEF 5 SKL 5

STRENGTH	2
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	2
KNOWLEDGE	7
AWARENESS	4
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

MADAME VASTRA

ATK 4 DEF 4 SKL 4

STRENGTH	4
AGILITY	6
ENDURANCE	7
KNOWLEDGE	5
AWARENESS	5
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

STRAX

ATK 6 DEF 2 SKL 3

STRENGTH	9
AGILITY	4
ENDURANCE	8
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	2
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

JENNY FLINT

ATK 3 DEF 2 SKL 5

STRENGTH	5
AGILITY	7
ENDURANCE	5
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	3
RESOLVE	2

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

(Printable pages at the back of the annual)

ATTACTIK CARDS

ATTACTIK CARDS

MISSY

ATK 5 | DEF 3 | SKL 6

STRENGTH	2
AGILITY	6
ENDURANCE	5
KNOWLEDGE	9
AWARENESS	7
RESOLVE	3

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

DAVROS

ATK 4 | DEF 2 | SKL 7

STRENGTH	3
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	5
KNOWLEDGE	8
AWARENESS	7
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

ZYGON

ATK 5 | DEF 2 | SKL 3

STRENGTH	6
AGILITY	5
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	5
RESOLVE	3

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

SANDMAN

ATK 3 | DEF 3 | SKL 2

STRENGTH	8
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	3
KNOWLEDGE	1
AWARENESS	2
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

THE FORETOLD

ATK 5 | DEF 5 | SKL 1

STRENGTH	4
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	7
KNOWLEDGE	2
AWARENESS	3
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

ROBOT KNIGHT

ATK 6 | DEF 3 | SKL 2

STRENGTH	8
AGILITY	3
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	1
AWARENESS	1
RESOLVE	2

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

DALEK

ATK 6 | DEF 4 | SKL 3

STRENGTH	8
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	8
KNOWLEDGE	4
AWARENESS	5
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

THE MIRE

ATK 4 | DEF 4 | SKL 2

STRENGTH	7
AGILITY	4
ENDURANCE	5
KNOWLEDGE	2
AWARENESS	4
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

'RUSTY'

ATK 5 | DEF 4 | SKL 4

STRENGTH	7
AGILITY	1
ENDURANCE	5
KNOWLEDGE	7
AWARENESS	8
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

(Printable pages at the back of the annual)

ATTACTIK CARDS

ATTACTIK CARDS

(Printable pages at the back of the annual)

ATTACTIK CARDS

ATTACTIK CARDS

SONTARAN

ATK 5 DEF 4 SKL 4

STRENGTH	8
AGILITY	4
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	4
AWARENESS	5
RESOLVE	6

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

ICE EMPRESS

ATK 4 DEF 6 SKL 5

STRENGTH	5
AGILITY	4
ENDURANCE	5
KNOWLEDGE	6
AWARENESS	7
RESOLVE	6

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

FRIDAY

ATK 5 DEF 5 SKL 4

STRENGTH	7
AGILITY	4
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	4
AWARENESS	5
RESOLVE	8

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

MONDASIAN CYBERMAN

ATK 5 DEF 3 SKL 3

STRENGTH	7
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	1
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

CYBERMAN

ATK 6 DEF 3 SKL 2

STRENGTH	8
AGILITY	3
ENDURANCE	3
KNOWLEDGE	2
AWARENESS	1
RESOLVE	7

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

TRUTH MONK

ATK 3 DEF 2 SKL 5

STRENGTH	2
AGILITY	3
ENDURANCE	4
KNOWLEDGE	6
AWARENESS	8
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

EMOJIBOT

ATK 3 DEF 3 SKL 2

STRENGTH	5
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	4
KNOWLEDGE	1
AWARENESS	2
RESOLVE	6

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

THE VEIL

ATK 7 DEF 2 SKL 2

STRENGTH	7
AGILITY	1
ENDURANCE	8
KNOWLEDGE	2
AWARENESS	3
RESOLVE	9

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

ZOMBIE

ATK 3 DEF 2 SKL 2

STRENGTH	4
AGILITY	1
ENDURANCE	2
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	1
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

(Printable pages at the back of the annual)

GAME MODES

1. CLASSIC TRUMPS (2 or more players)

Shuffle the whole pack of cards and deal them out into piles equal to the number of players. The player to the left of the dealer looks at their first card, chooses an attribute and score. Each player reveals the score on their top card for the same attribute and the highest score wins all the cards.
The player with the most number of cards at the end wins.

2. SOLO TRUMPS (1 player)

Want to play Classic Trumps on your own? Deal two packs – one for yourself, one an 'opponent' deck. Turn over your card first, nominate an attribute, then turn over the top card from the opponent pile to see who wins! Play until all card used once, or until one player loses all cards.

3. ESCALATION (3 or more players)

All cards are shuffled and dealt 7 cards each. The players can look at their hands. The player to the dealer's left goes first and chooses an attribute and places the card in a centre pile. The next player looks at their cards and can either pass, or play any of their cards that has the named attribute score equal of higher than the one just played and places it on the pile. The next player should pass, or play a card with the named attribute with an equal or higher score to the card currently on top of the pile. This continues until all players cannot play a further card, so the player who placed the last unbeatable card starts again with a new card and a new attribute, and the escalation starts again.
The first player to get rid of all their cards wins.

4. PEST CONTROL

How many Cybermen does it take to stop a Dalek?
Dalek – ATTACK+SKILL+1D6 (5 life HIT POINTS)
Cyberman – DEFENCE+SKILL+1D6 (4 life HIT POINTS each)
(Quick Game – Dalek has 3 lives, each Cyberman has just 1 life)

5. DUEL AT SHERWOOD

Only one person can cross the river – one will win and one will fall.
TWO PLAYERS
Place one card on your side of the stream
Roll 1D6, highest roll goes first.
Attacker – ATTACK+STRENGTH+1D6
Defender – DEFENCE+AGILITY+1D6
ONE PLAYER
Shuffle the deck, deal find cards face down into two piles and play each pile, top down against the other. Each time roll 1D6 to see which side goes through each round.

PEST CONTROL

PLACE
CARD
HERE

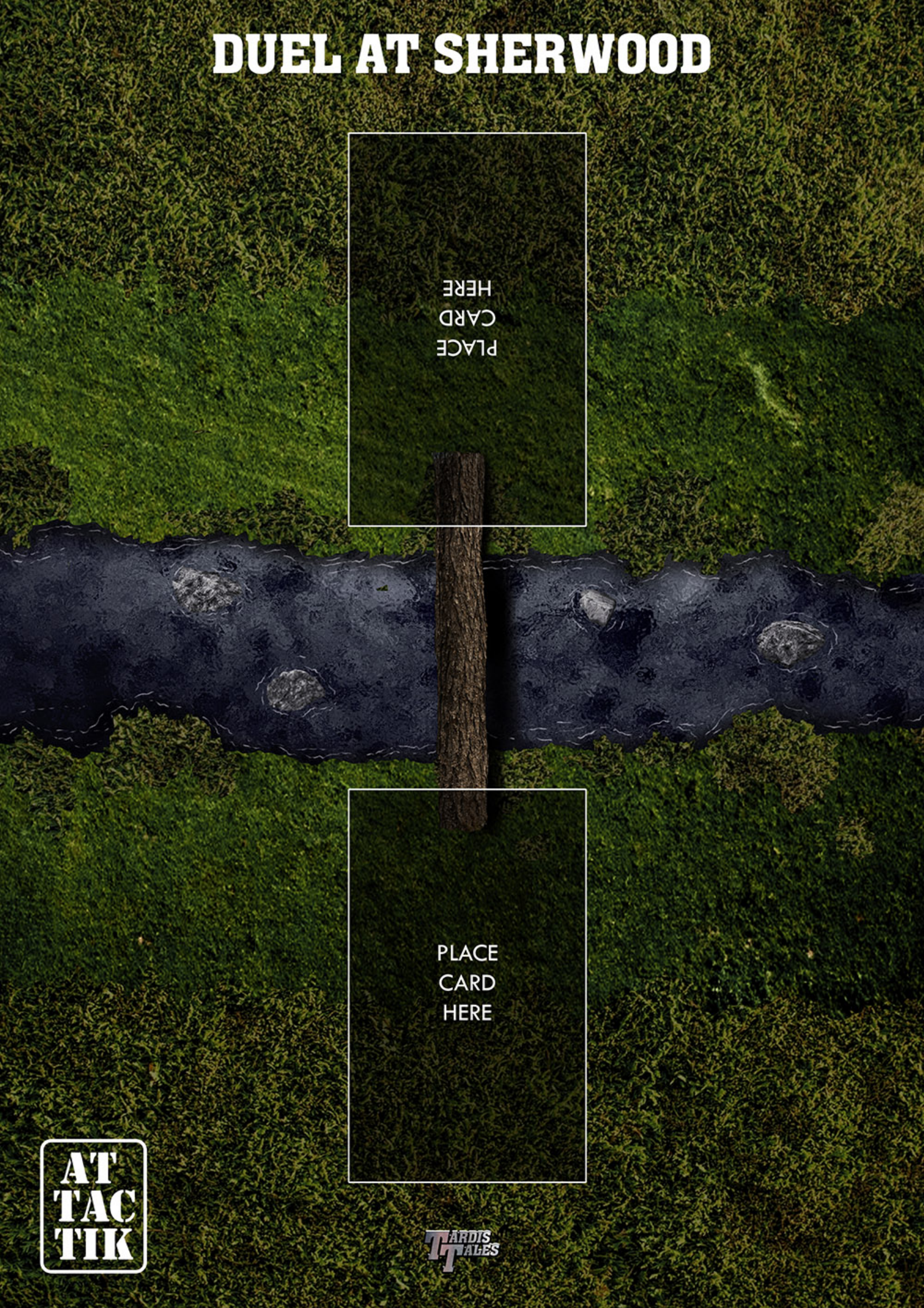
CARGO BAY

PLACE
CARD
HERE

AT
TAC
TIK

TARDIS TABLES

DUEL AT SHERWOOD



AT TAC TIK

TARDIS TALES

SECOND SIGHT THIS ONCE

Can you spot the NINE DIFFERENCES between both images?

Doctor Who 2017. Shoot for Radio Times, photographed by Richard Grassie.
Art direction and retouching Stuart Manning

Henry's Angel

London, 1539

It shouldn't have been there, standing defiantly, though gloriously, in the grand garden. It was not of this time, but then she thought to herself, neither was she. The statue was beautiful, it was of no surprise to her that it was adored, worshipped even. A crowd had gathered around it, admirers drawn to it from all over London, and every last person gathered around the statue was mesmerised. Even though she was stood some distance away from the statue, she could feel it clling to her, personally connected to her. It was her angel, and within moments it was as if she was unaware of anything else. Until a voice broke her concentration.

'Tudor England,' the voice spoke. 'Is it just like in the history books?'

Barbara Wright spun around and looked at the man who had just spoken to her. Although the man looked different, sounded different even, she knew instinctively that it was him, she just knew it. She couldn't help but break out into a broad smile.

'It's never like the history books, Doctor,' she replied. 'Not Rome, not Peking, not even prehistory.'

The Doctor smiled. She recognised him, even with his different face. You could never fool Barbara Wright.

'And I certainly don't recall reading about you getting engaged to an Aztec in any of the school textbooks,' she added.

'Never bring up the exes,' the Doctor added, a hint of embarrassment.

'It really is you, isn't it?' Barbara spoke out loud, but it was a rhetorical question.

The Doctor walked up to her. 'It really is,' he answered warmly. He turned suddenly towards his companion. 'This is Bill,' he said as he turned towards his current companion.

'Hi,' said Bill who gave her a brief hug.

'How did you arrive here, Barbara?' the Doctor asked.

Barbara met his gaze, her smile enigmatic. 'It started with a statue,' she said. 'The statue of an angel.'

A few days earlier...

LONDON, 1968

Barbara Wright rested her hand on a wooden fence and took a few moments to catch her breath. Her feet were aching from the long walk along the southern bank of the Thames to reach the excavation site that she had just recently been invited to. One of her previous students had phoned her and told her about something particularly interesting her team had discovered during her field research. *Her team* – Barbara still remembered the inquisitive little girl who sat behind the creaky wooden desk in her classroom, twiddling her pencil around the fingers of her right hand as her imagination carried her off to past times and places. That was when time travel to Earth's past was just imagination, before she learned that time didn't work that way. Not for the Doctor and Susan and their TARDIS.

But Melissa was now Doctor Forrester of the British Museum. Barbara was looking forward to seeing her, proud to see where her career had taken her, but, it wasn't just that. She was intrigued by the mystery that Melissa had invited her to witness.

Life had been too mundane recently. Stepping off the TARDIS and back into her old life was something she struggled to adjust to. She wondered what Melissa would possibly make of Barbara's recent life, actually walking through history, not to mention the alien worlds. Would Doctor Melissa dismiss the ridiculous notion, or would some part of her, the young girl that used to daydream, dare to believe it.

'Miss Wright,' a young voice said enthusiastically.

'Oh, please. It's Barbara,' she answered, 'I'm not your teacher anymore, Melissa.' The young woman smiled back, gracious. 'Now,

I'm very excited to see what you have uncovered,' Barbara added. 'Would you please show me it?'

'Yes, certainly, miss. I mean, Barbara. Come this way,' Melissa said as she turned and walked down an embankment wall that had been taped off.

Barbara looked at a small hole in the old brick wall that had been excavated from the side of the Thames embankment and started to climb through.

What on Earth could be inside?

As she stepped through the excavated wall into what appeared to be a stone crypt beyond, Barbara could see that the space inside was small and lined by dank granite walls, though they had a feint glow, casting some luminescence into the chamber. Water and mould had stained much of the inside of the crypt, except for the statue that stood in the centre, which looked like it had been made from a lighter grey stone, and it was smooth, almost like marble. There was a delicate essence to its sculpture.

It was a statue of an angel, covering its eyes, as if it was grief-stricken. Weeping.

'The crypt seems to originate from the time of the Reformation, though there's something of the Victorian gothic about that angel statue, particularly the wings.' Melissa

pointed towards the hands that covered the eyes. 'I think it was sculpted to represent shame. The Shamed Angel, cast down from Heaven.'

She turned around and rummaged through some papers.

'She looks sad,' Barbara noted. 'Crying, weeping. Perhaps she represents sadness, loss.'

She looked into the eyes of the Angel, peeping behind its hands. It was almost as if those blank stone eyes were looking at her, but of course they couldn't be.

'And look behind here,' Melissa added. She showed Barbara to the other side of the wall they had broken through. It was a mirror. 'The statue would have been reflected in it, though I'm not sure of the meaning of that. There's no other precedent of a mirrored chamber or tomb like this in Tudor history.'

'She's beautiful, Melissa,' Barbara said and turned her head towards Melissa to see that she had dropped all her papers onto the floor, except one sheet.

Professor Forrester held up the single sheet of paper and looked at it closely. There was a post-it note stuck to it.

It read: Turn around and DON'T EVEN BLINK.

Professor Forrester turned around to see that Barbara had gone and that the Angel statue had turned and was looking at her, its face uncovered. It was looking at her with those blank eyes, but there was nothing of the beauty in them that Barbara had seen just seconds before. All Professor Forrester could see was danger, a voracious hunger in the blank stone eyes. She stared into the eyes of the Angel, too frightened to even breathe.

On the floor lay a second post-it note, having fallen from the sheet of paper: Oh, and don't look into its eyes!

THE TIME-SPACE VORTEX

'Trick or treat?' the Doctor smiled at Bill as he stood next to the central console of the TARDIS, his fingers dancing above the shiny metal levers that would soon determine their next destination.

'Wait, what?' Bill asked. 'Seriously, is it Halloween yet?' She was confused. This was a time machine after all, surely there wasn't such a thing as an actual time and date. Maybe they were, sort of, outside of all that?

'It's always Halloween, Christmas, Diwali, The Peladonian Rite of Passage,' he listed enthusiastically, 'or whatever else you want it to be – at least when you have a time machine.'

Bill supposed he was right. Could it be Christmas or Halloween every day? Would you get sick of it? Would you have to space them out with Mondays? But, just for now, she'd play along with it. She could worry about boring stuff like consequences later.

'So, you want to go trick or treating, yeah?' Bill was getting excited. 'Why don't we knock on Stephen King's door?'

The Doctor frowned. 'Never interrupt a writer,' he replied. But as he did, the TARDIS monitor flickered to life, an ancient and narrow, barely lit street appeared. Tudor, the Doctor recognised immediately. But his attention was suddenly drawn to the centre of the image. Standing in the centre of the street was a woman he recognised all too well. Someone who really shouldn't be there at all.

London, 1539

King Henry VIII stared out of the window to see the bleak, overcast sky. A cold wind breezed in from the stone arch window, though Henry could barely feel it. He felt trapped inside, he was keen to escape the confines of the palace, out into the open and into the public garden. He yearned for it, these days.

Earl Thomas Cromwell, the King's Chief Minister and most trusted advisor, at least for the moment, entered the room and coughed to gain Henry's attention. The king

barely acknowledged the man's presence. Cromwell sometimes annoyed him and being cooked up inside had done nothing for Henry's demeanour.

'The king must consider in his eternal wisdom the door that God has opened for him,' Cromwell cautiously whispered to the king. Cromwell was nervous but also desperate, and he'd rehearsed several times the conversation he was now about to have. 'Anne of Cleves is a protestant and would-'

'JANE, SHE IS NOT!' shouted Henry, throwing a goblet of wine at the Chief Minister and striding up to him. Henry struck Cromwell on the cheek with a hefty slap from his open palm. Thomas was shaking with fear as he turned to look again at his king. He could see that the sudden flash of anger had been replaced by despair and grief as the king remembered his wife who had died tragically less than two years earlier, the only one of his three wives to have given him the son that he had long coveted. But Henry had loved Jane for many more reasons than that, he had adored her in a way he had not felt before or since.

'The king craveth the company of his Angel,' Henry whispered as he walked out the door. 'She bringeth solace.' Cromwell breathed a sigh of relief that his king's anger had abated and followed him out of the room.

'So this is Tudor times?' Bill said, her voice full of wonder. 'It's so… authentic.'

The Doctor briefly frowned. 'Authentic?'

'It's like a museum or something.' She added.

'Bill, this is actual Tudor England, with actual Tudor buildings and actual Tudor people. It's not a theme park.'

Bill laughed. 'It takes a bit of getting used to, right? It's… well, surreal.'

The Doctor didn't look impressed.

'Come on, it must have been new to you once?' she said. 'Tell me the wonder doesn't wear off.'

The Doctor smiled. 'Not when I see it through your eyes.' He started the walk down the street, but Bill remained standing where she was. He turned to face her.

'That's why you travel with us, isn't it? You're seriously Santa Claus.'

'I'm definitely not Santa Claus,' he added with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

'No, but,' Bill insisted, 'it must have been new to you once. All this?'

'A long time ago,' the Doctor abruptly replied, shutting down the conversation and walking further down the street,

As they wandered further from the TARDIS, with Bill taking in the surroundings like a child in a toy shop, the Doctor licked his finger and held it into the air.

'1538,' he said. 'Or maybe 1539. The English Reformation is in full swing and King Henry the Eighth is busy ransacking monasteries and destroying shrines.'

'I'm surprised he had he time between all those wives and mistresses,' Bill added.

'Quite,' the Doctor replied.

Bill paused for a second or two as she looked around. 'So, where's your friend? The woman on the monitor screen?'

'I'm not sure,' the Doctor said, 'but she should be close to here, somewhere.'

They walked a bit further. Bill noticed that the few people who were in the street didn't really seem to notice them, almost as if Bill and Doctor weren't even there.

'So, who is she?' Bill asked him. 'The woman you saw.'

The Doctor smiled wistfully as he remembered Barbara. Bill knew, even before he spoke, that he was very fond of the person they were searching for. 'She was a history teacher, Barbara Wright. We travelled together, for quite some time. In the early days. Some of my earliest adventures.'

Bill smiled. She knew it. There was a time when travelling was new for him, and Barbara was a cherished part of that, she could tell.

'Barbara and Ian, they taught my granddaughter.'

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

'Granddaughter?' Bill asked, but the Doctor's attention seemed to have been broken by something else. He started to walk faster, towards the end of the street, where the irregular buildings seemed to drift further apart, opening up into a small park where a crowd had gathered. It was packed with men, women and children, but they lacked the hustle and bustle she would have expected from such a public gathering – they all seemed to be waiting patiently, solemnly even.

But the Doctor wasn't interested in the crowd, at least for the time being. There was a woman who stood out from all of the others. The Doctor smiled and briefly laughed to himself as he saw his old friend scrutinising the crowd.

'Tudor England,' he announced, catching her attention. 'Is it just like in the history books?'

In the middle of the crowd that had gathered in the park, King Henry dismounted his horse and saw that his soldiers and pike men had cleared a path to the Angel. The Angel's hands were, as always, held just in front of her face, but not quite covering her eyes. The crowd stood in eerie silence, but all Henry could feel as he slowly walked towards his Angel was a wave of calm and tranquillity. He knelt in front of the Angel and looked directly into her eyes.

'My Angel,' Henry whispered as he lost himself in the Angel's gaze. He reached out and held both of her hands. The stone felt cold, but he could feel warmth inside. He felt a solace he had never really felt for a long time now. The blessing of the Angel was upon him.

But something suddenly distracted him, just at the periphery of his awareness. The Angel had noticed him first, and now Henry was becoming ever more aware too. Henry glanced out of the corner of his eyes towards a stranger who stood at the edge of the park. He was tall, dressed in black clothes that stood in contract to his silver-grey hair, bright in the moonlight. The Angel seemed to tell him that their paths should not cross just yet, so Henry's gaze connected once more to the Angel's.

'He comes here every day, around about this time,' Barbara explained to her new companions. 'He spends a few moments in front of the statue before leaving again. They call this place the Garden of the Angel, and most people here have a name for the statue: 'Henry's Angel'.'

The Doctor saw King Henry crouched in front of the Weeping Angel. The crowd held back by the king's soldiers remained calm and quiet. It was all very surreal, particularly for a medieval crowd when their king was mere feet away. The Doctor was extremely concerned - a Weeping Angel in Tudor England! Barbara Wright in Tudor England! One, or both, had to be the key as to why the TARDIS was drawn here. It had all the feelings of a trap.

'How long have you been here?' the Doctor asked Barbara.

'About three days,' Barbara replied. 'I bartered a room at a nearby inn. I wasn't really sure how I got here, other than the Angel somehow transporting me here. Your appearance aside, I wasn't sure how I'd get back.'

'You encountered an Angel that sent you back in time,' the Doctor concluded. 'That's what they do, to feed on the potential temporal energy of a lost future.'

'It was in an excavated crypt,' Barbara confirmed, 'on the banks of the Thames.'

'This has all the feelings of an intricate trap,' the Doctor mused. 'We need to go somewhere to think.'

'Come on then Doctor, Bill,' Barbara said, 'time to go to my local.'

From a distance, and out of the corner of his eyes, King Henry watched them leave.

The Doctor, Bill and Barbara entered the local tavern, the Happy Goblet Inn, and made

their way towards Barbara's room. Several locals looked at the trio suspiciously as they walked past, but they soon returned to their meade and their gossip. Inside the rather small room that Barbara had hired, Bill sat down on a chair as the Doctor stared out of a window.

'So, in Tudor England, King Henry the Eighth makes daily visits to a Weeping Angel whilst at the same time he's sending his armies to ransack monasteries and smash shrines,' the Doctor pondered. 'What is even more baffling is that no one says a word or even acts as if it's in any way contradictory.'

'That's because everyone just waits for their time in front of the Angel,' Barbara explained, 'and everyone seems to get a turn

to pray or meditate in front of it. It seems nothing else matters to any of them, nobody talks about anything else.'

The Doctor looked at his friend with concerned etched on his face.

'So, everyone prays in front of the angel?' Bill asked.

'Yes,' Barbara replied, 'it's always surrounded by people, there are large queues day and night.'

'Sounds like Taylor Swift,' Bill joked. Barbara looked confused.

'But why?' the Doctor asked. 'Why would people queue to prey in front of the Angel?'

'Have you ever gazed into the eyes of the Angel, Doctor?' Barbara replied. 'Whatever it is, it calms the soul. It seems to know what it is that troubles a person, and then it seeks to calm it.'

Bill was amazed by Barbara's grace. She could well believe she was a teacher – there was a calming, confident aura about her. She wished her teachers had been like Barbara.

'In the history books, Tudor England is a pretty grim place to live,' Barbara explained. 'Unless you're royal or rich.'

'It sounds like nothing much has changed since then,' Bill countered. The Doctor gave a brief smile of agreement.

'But everyone is happy here,' Barbara continued. 'They are all in a state of euphoria. It's the Angel. But she doesn't appear in any of the history books.'

'You both stay here,' the Doctor said to his companions. 'I've got a date with divinity.'

Night had fallen over London and the moon shone down brightly from the clear night sky. The Doctor walked down a street away from the Happy Goblet Inn and towards the Garden of the Angel. The Time Lord's mind was ruminating over the presence of a Weeping Angel in Tudor England, and even more unusual, the presence of Barbara.

'Pity a beggar,' a voice said, breaking the Doctor's thoughts.

The Doctor stopped in his tracks and looked towards a small alcove from where the voice had come from. A young woman was huddled between the walls of two wooden buildings, wrapped in several tatty blankets, sheltering from the cold night.

'Hello,' the Doctor said as rummaged through his pockets and found a small bar of chocolate. He removed the wrapper and foil, remembering to put them in his pocket so the historians of the future wouldn't get confused over the true origins of Rowntree.

'Here,' he said as he handed it to her.

'Where thou going, mister?' she said as she greedily grabbed the chocolate bar.

'I'm going to see Henry's Angel.'

The young woman suddenly looked scared, and the colour drained from her face.

'Stay away from the Angel, mister. Or it will kill thee.'

The Doctor looked at her, the moonlight resting on his heavy eyebrows. She relaxed slightly as she sensed the warmth in those eyes that were looking kindly towards her. Somehow he reminded her of her granddad, whom she missed very much.

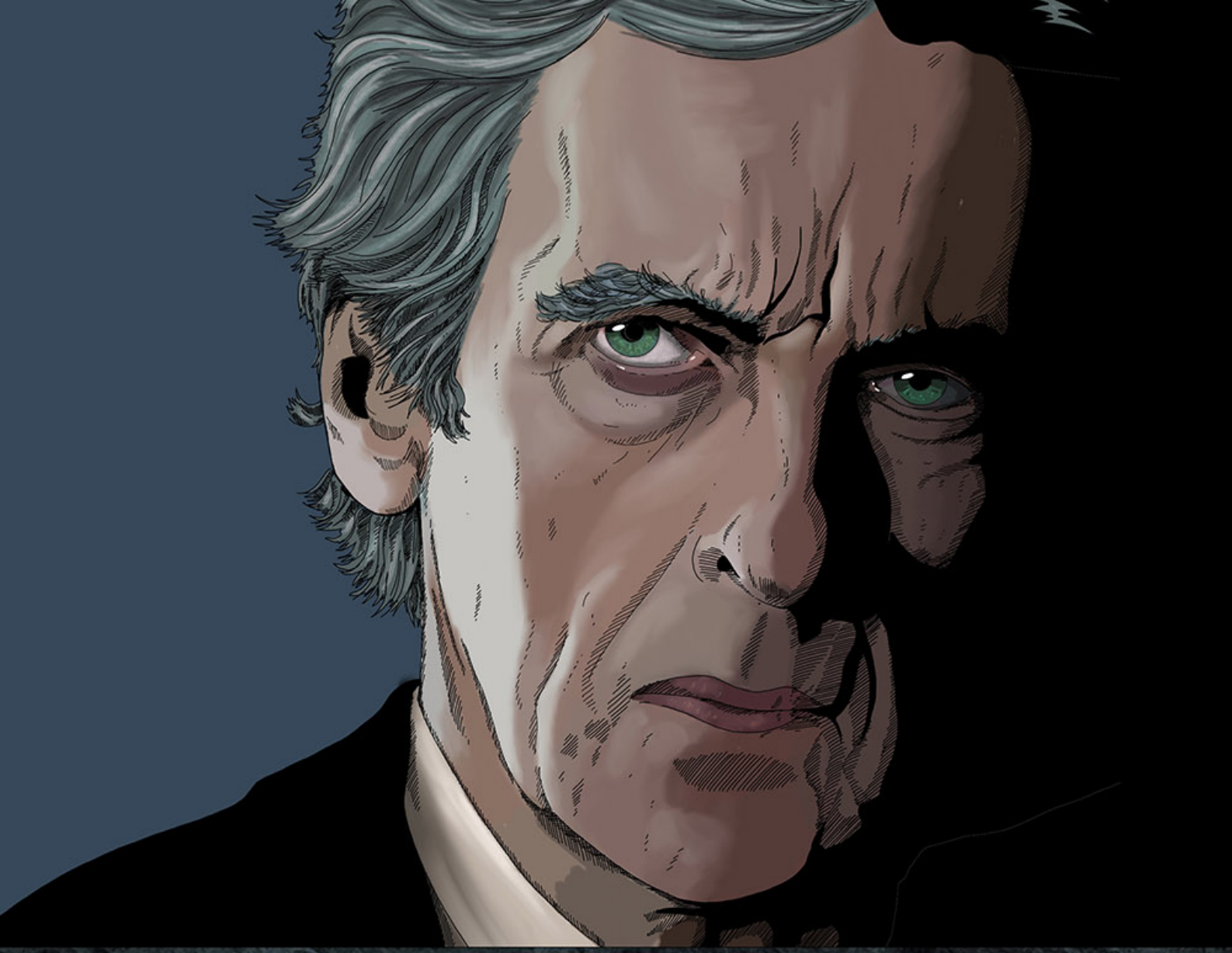
'You don't worship the Angel as all the others seem to?' the Doctor asked her, curiously.

'I was walking past the market, down Ron's Lane, when this fella grabbed me. I screamed and ran as fast as I could, but the man followed, 'e ran after me.' The young woman pulled the sheets more tightly around her cold shoulders. 'I thought I was going to be done in, but I cut down an alleyway. I looked out to see where 'e was when I saw 'im lying on the floor, 'is head twisted completely around. Looking backwards 'e was, not chasing after me; 'e was running away from something chasing 'im.'

The young woman stared straight into the eyes of the Doctor, her gaze a mixture of fear and anger.

'Nobody was nearby, nobody could have killed 'im. But there was something, standing down the street, looking at me, hands over its eyes in shame for what it did. It was that Angel statue.'

The Doctor grabbed his sonic out of his pocket and pointed it towards a nearby



stone. Within seconds the stone glowed a bright red colour.

'That should keep you warm for the night,' he replied as he smiled at her. 'Thanks for telling me about the Angel,' he added.

'We shouldn't have let him go by himself,' Bill Potts said as she stared out of the upstairs window of Barbara's room. 'You know what he's like. He'll get into trouble and we'll have to rescue him.'

'He hasn't changed, has he?' Barbara said to Bill as she sat on a wooden chair. 'Once the Doctor has made up his mind, there's nothing that can change it.'

Bill smiled. It was good to talk to someone else who'd shared her experience.

'You've known him for a long time? He said you used to travel together.'

Barbara smiled as she remembered those days with the Doctor, so long ago in one sense, but something that remained part of her. 'That seems a very long time ago,' she replied wistfully. 'We had a great many adventures together,' her smile broadened.

'He looks very different though, to when I knew him, but somehow I knew straight away it was him.'

'Doesn't that freak you out?' Bill asked. 'Same person, different face.'

'The things I've seen,' Barbara replied. 'I'm not certain anything would surprise me any more.'

Bill smiled. She was about to ask her something else when she started to smell something.

'Smoke,' Bill shouted as she grabbed Barbara by the arm and hoisted her out of the chair.

Smoke bellowed in through gaps in the door and into the room. Bill heard screaming coming from somewhere in the building below. Suddenly, there was a large crack, and the wooden floor shifted slightly. Orange flames licked at the lower edge of the wooden door to the room.

'Come on!' Bill shouted as she helped Barbara towards the window and she looked to see if there was anywhere they could escape to. Barbara pulled her back away from the window as flames burned away at the frame, cracking the glass. There was no easy way out.

The Weeping Angel stood in the garden, partially shadowed in the pale moonlight, an eerie glow cast on its wings. The Doctor looked at the Angel, reached out a hand and felt the rough stone surface. He had waited a few minutes in the queue of people who had gathered in front of the Angel. The crowd wasn't quite as large as it had been earlier, but there were plenty of people still

desperate to spend time with her. The Doctor triggered the sonic screwdriver that he had hidden in one of the sleeves of his coat, and scanned the creature.

'Hey,' someone behind him moaned. 'Ye had ye time w' her.'

The Doctor spun around and stared at the man. 'Don't look into her eyes,' he warned, 'and don't blink.'

Bill grabbed the wooden chair that Barbara had sat on and used it to smash the door to the room open. Holding sack cloths over their noses, they both ran out.

'Keep your head low, Bill,' Barbara shouted, 'the smoke rises.'

Bill and Barbara struggled down the stairs and onto the ground floor. The bar area was alight; fire had started to spread to the walls

and threatened to spread further. A section of the ceiling collapsed and barricaded the door that led out into the street.

Behind them they saw another door and together they burst through it, out into the street. The Doctor ran down the street towards them.

'What happened here?' the Doctor asked.

'Isn't it kind of obvious?' a flustered Bill replied sarcastically,

'Yes, I suppose it is,' the Doctor said and the trio looked at the Happy Goblet Inn burn in an ever-increasing inferno.

'I wonder what started this?' Bill asked the Doctor, not really expecting an answer.

The Doctor looked around and found some marks on the ground nearby as if stone had scraped across it recently.

'An Angel might have been here,' the Doctor pondered. 'But the one in the garden can't move, not if it's being watched.'

'It's always being watched,' Barbara noted.

'So there's two Angels?' Bill asked.

'We need to speak to King Henry about his Angel,' the Doctor said as he spun around in the other direction and headed towards the King's castle. After a couple of steps he paused and looked back towards Bill, a perturbed expression on his face. 'One more thing, Bill. If you see an Angel, don't blink. It's fixed in position when its observed, but it moves when it's not seen.'

Henry could feel a wave of frustration and anger building up inside of him. Cromwell had entered the court with a weaselly-looking aide who carried a portrait of a woman for Henry's approval.

'Sire,' Cromwell started to announce, 'cast thine eyes upon thy beautiful – '

'Anne!' replied Henry, belting Cromwell on the head with a slipper he had removed from his gouty foot, 'of!' followed by another smack across the head, knocking Cromwell's hat to the floor, 'Cleves!' followed by a third smack directly across the face.

'But, sire,' Cromwell spoke, anger burning behind his words but hidden from the king.

'Out!' shouted Henry as he stood up and towered over Cromwell. 'I care not for such choices that you make for your king. I shall have no more wives; thou will not choose beauty for thy king's eyes.' Cromwell scampered out the door, furious at the humiliation.

Barbara, Bill and the Doctor waited outside the throne room, ready to be announced to the king, just as Cromwell strode out of the room, pushing a court aide into an oak panelled wall as he passed.

'Who was that?' Bill quietly asked as Cromwell stormed past.

'Thomas Cromwell, the king's chief minister, the second most powerful man in Tudor England, and one who will shape the king's future over the next year quite significantly,' Barbara answered her. 'It seems like a bad time for him, though. I wonder if Henry is in one of his moods?'

'Is the Pope a Catholic?' replied Bill, cheekily.

'A phrase not to be repeated in front of the king,' the Doctor added, frowning. 'What is it with companions and monarchs and bad jokes?' he muttered to himself.

Cromwell stormed down a corridor, throwing people out of his way. He was renowned across the entire kingdom to be a cold and calculating man, a person that no-one would ever dare to cross, and so everyone who saw him as upset and angry as he stormed past them had good reason to be very frightened indeed.

'Thomas,' spoke a voice softly from within an arched doorway.

Cromwell threw his head towards the voice, his face still full of thunderous anger. It was Thomas Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cromwell's main ally in his aims to secure Protestantism in England. Cromwell's face softened as he looked at his co-conspirator.

Cranmer beckoned Cromwell into a corridor behind the wooden door and locked it behind them. *Plans could adapt*, Cromwell thought, *and obstacles could*

always be removed.

'Sire,' an aide announced to the king, 'a royal delegation from Belgium.'

'Belgium ?' King Henry echoed. 'Why has Belgium sent delegates to my court?'

'We're here to talk about your Angel, King Henry,' the Doctor announced, holding up his psychic paper for the king to see. 'I'm the Doctor, this is Lady Barbara of Coal Hill, and Lady Bill of TARDIS.'

Henry looked at the paper held in front of him. Initially it appeared blank, but within seconds a picture of a blue wooden box appeared which then faded away to be replaced by an image of the Angel. Henry had recognised the Doctor as soon as he had entered the throne room as the person the Angel had brought to his attention the day before.

'The king welcomes you to his kingdom,' Henry announced before turning to his

aides. 'Take care to provide them with the finest rooms,' he looked at Barbara and Bill, 'as such beauty deserveth so.'

Henry held Barbara's hand for a second and smiled, before releasing it and turning to the Doctor.

'Later we shall discuss my Angel, Doctor. Your thoughts on our divine lady would interest me so.'

'He protesteth most solemnly,' Cromwell spat as he walked down a corridor with Cranmer, 'despite the promise of his devout heart to the Lutheran princes.'

'You push the king too hard,' Cranmer warned. 'I fear much that the devil places a boulder in thy way.'

Cranmer led Cromwell further down the corridor into an oak-lined antechamber. On one wall was a huge portrait that showed King Henry VIII standing next to his Angel.

'The king's will shattered the blasphemous shrines of the Pope, yet he bends his knee to the Stone Angel with nether a doubt.'

'You speak the truth, I know,' whispered Cromwell, glancing nervously over his shoulders to see if anyone was nearby, though the corridor was a private area. 'The Angel holds the king's soul in its hands. In its blasphemous eyes the king sees the ghost of the fair Queen Jane, beckoning him, seducing him, turning him from the holy protestant cause.'

Cromwell stared at the image of the Angel.

'The disease must be cut from the king's very heart, or all of England will be dead.'

Cranmer looked towards the portrait of Henry and the Angel, and he had the strangest feeling that the Angel was looking down upon him.

Almost as if the Angel heard their plan to destroy it.

Bill looked around her room in total astonishment at the luxurious décor for which Henry was known for. She remembered that Henry loved his palaces, and extravagant displays of wealth. The overall look was garish, but she felt a flutter of excitement that she had been given her own room in the royal palace of King Henry VIII. It hadn't really hit home until just now. She was suddenly brought back to the moment by the noise of a scrape outside the door. Bill tentatively opened the door to see that the corridor outside was empty, but she was sure something had just moved outside. Bill looked down the corridor towards a sharp turn and decided to explore.

Henry stood on a balcony, looking out from Hampton Court towards the Garden of the Angel. Even in the diminishing daylight he could see the shape of the Angel in the midst of a crowd of pilgrims, and he was certain she could see him too.

The Doctor had entered the balcony and stood some way behind Henry. Henry sensed the arrival of the Doctor, turned towards him slightly and smiled.

'When did the Angel first appear?' the Doctor asked the king.

'Three weeks hence, in one of the gardens,' Henry replied. 'Heaven blessed England with her finest Angel, a miracle to assure the king of his kingdom's loyalty and supremacy.'

Henry turned around to scrutinise the Doctor more closely.

'You hath seen the Angel, Doctor?' Henry asked.

'Yes, last night. But I didn't look into her eyes. Tell me, did you look into her eyes?'

Henry's curious expression softened slightly as he conjured up an image of the Angel in his mind.

'Even the pilgrims see the soul of the Angel,' Henry explained. 'I see my Jane in those eyes, she hath been sent to strengthen the king's soul.' Henry looked directly into the eyes of the Doctor. 'A wife who once loved the king to her last breath. Have you known such pain, Doctor,' Henry asked him, 'a wife lost and a heart slain?'

'Yes,' the Doctor replied almost without thinking, before composing himself again. 'A

long time ago.'

Henry did not seem surprised by the comment.

'How many people have looked into the eyes of the Angel?' the Doctor asked.

'The pilgrims flock to the Angel through night and day, she does not know loneliness. The souls of man, through the eyes of the Angel, are cleansed and the people are blessed.'

'Blessed,' the Doctor echoed, 'by the Angel. It will change their lives forever.'

Bill cautiously crept around a corner and noticed that a wooden door not much further down the corridor was hanging ajar. The lock on the wooden door had been broken by force. She opened the door and walked further until she came to an antechamber. There was a huge portrait of King Henry on the wall, standing in the Garden of the Angel, but the Angel itself was not in the painting.

Bill instinctively looked behind her and saw the statue staring directly at her…

Barbara had been waiting in her room for a while, growing ever more restless. She hadn't seen the Doctor or Bill since they had been shown to their rooms and the novelty of her surroundings had now worn off. Just then there was a knock at her door. Barbara opened the door to see the Doctor stood there.

'It's trouble, Barbara, and I'm not sure how we are going to get out of this one.'

Barbara watched the Doctor as he slumped onto the bed, laid back and rubbed his brow.

'One Weeping Angel in the middle of Tudor England – probably the same Angel you encounter in the future that sends her back.'

'Do you know why it did that?'

The Doctor sighed and sat up on the bed.

'The Angel you encountered in the future is a weakened Angel, and they feed on the temporal energy of a life unfulfilled, suddenly removed from existence, the potential of a life cut short. But I think the Angel had another purpose for sending you back in time. I think the anomaly of you being in the wrong time must create further temporal energy to feed the Angel right here. It helped to draw in someone else.'

'It drew you here,' Barbara realised.

'I know it's a trap, but I'm not sure what the Angel has planned.'

Barbara frowned and sat next to the Doctor. 'If what you say is true, and this is the same Angel from the future, and it is weakened… What could heal it, strengthen it?'

'The TARDIS,' Barbara realised. 'That must be full of temporal energy. Maybe it didn't draw you here, at least that wasn't its main aim. It wanted to draw the TARDIS back here.'

The Angel stood there, its face feral and its claws stretched out like hungry talons, reaching towards Bill.

'So that's how you do it,' Bill muttered. 'That's how an Angel kills when it's observed all the time elsewhere.'

But it looked strange. Not completely real, somehow. Then it dawned on her, it's texture was like an oil painting.'

'You came out of that painting!' Bill realised.

The feint streaks of light that were shone through a window started to dim as the late evening sky turned cloudy. The corridor darkened.

'Help!' Bill shouted, all the while looking at the Angel. She tried not to blink, but her eyes were stinging and she wasn't sure how long she could keep this up for.

Then Bill noticed blood on the hands of the Angel – who had it killed?

Thomas Cranmer crept down the corridor to the office of Thomas Cromwell. The door was open slightly, which was unusual for a man who preferred to work in complete secrecy.

Cranmer gently pushed the door and peered inside. Thomas Cromwell was lying on the floor, face down in a small puddle of blood.

'Cromwell!' shouted Cranmer as he ran into the room. He looked in horror at the body and prodded it with his foot, too scared to touch it with his hands. The body didn't move.

Cranmer panicked and ran back the door, grasping at the oak doorframe. He took a deep breath and shouted out blindly into the corridor: 'Cromwell! Cromwell is dead!"

The Doctor and Barbara walked deeper through the castle, trying to find an exit that wasn't guarded. The Doctor needed to get back to the TARDIS before the Angel or King Henry could get hold of her. They heard some footsteps coming down the corridor, so they both hid behind a corner, the Doctor almost toppled a mounted set of decorative armour, saved only by Barbara who caught a falling pike before it clattered on the floor.

'Well, this takes me back,' she whispered to the Doctor.

'Some things never change,' the Doctor replied back as he started to move again now that some soldiers had passed.

As they ventured further, Barbara looked out of an arched window into the courtyard, wondering if there might be an exit nearby that happened to be unguarded. Standing in the middle of the courtyard was a cart with the TARDIS strapped to it.

'Look!' Barbara said a she pointed through the window.

The Doctor looked over her shoulder.

'They have my TARDIS,' the Doctor growled, 'but they haven't won yet!'

Bill could feel her legs growing weaker as the light in the room faded rapidly. A crow flew past the window casting a momentary shadow, but it was enough for the Angel to move a couple of steps closer to her.

'No,' Bill cried out as she started to walk backwards slowly in an attempt to make her way out, but she had no idea where she could go to and no chance to look behind her to find out. The last vestiges of daylight had almost gone and in the antechamber Bill could barely see the silhouette of the Angel now. In a couple of seconds, the antechamber would be pitch black and she would no longer be able to see the Angel. No longer able to keep it in place.

'The Angel in the garden didn't want to be moved out of public view,' the Doctor explained, 'it wanted to be observed at all times. It wanted people to worship it, to make them feel that praying in front of it, staring into its eyes, would give them the answers to all their problems.'

The Doctor ran his hand through his hair and looked at the TARDIS.

'Whatever holds an image of an Angel becomes an Angel, even those images stored in visual memory in the cortex at the back of the human brain. Over one thousand people in London must have stared into its eyes – one thousand embryonic Angels developing inside people's minds as we speak, and we don't even know who they all are.'

King Henry VIII stood out from behind the TARDIS and looked at the Doctor.

'Except for one,' the Doctor finished.

Suddenly two arms held the Doctor in a vice-like grip – immensely strong and powerful hands held him tightly in place in front of the king. The Doctor turned around and was surprised to see that it was his old friend, Barbara, somehow much, much stronger than she could feasibly be. And then the Doctor realised the final element of the trap.

'And me too, Doctor,' Barbara said calmly. 'Remember, I looked into her eyes too.'

'Not you too, Barbara,' the Doctor sighed in disappointment. 'Why?'

'I asked you earlier, Doctor, if you had ever looked into the eyes of the Angel?' Barbara let go of the Doctor to allow him to turn and

face her. 'It can give you everything that you've lost. You've never stopped travelling. All those worlds, all those adventures. You've never had to just stop.'

The Doctor looked down for a moment, something of the sadness in Barbar's voice affected him.

'What about Ian?' the Doctor asked.

'Ian,' Barbara said. 'He seemed to cope much better than I did.'

The Doctor sighed. He realised that the trap the Angel had set had been intricate indeed. He looked at his old companion with disbelief and sympathy. 'You seemed to take the change in my appearance in your stride. You knew it was me because the Angels know me, my history, my people's history, and they were already in your mind. I should have realised earlier.'

'What has all this been for, Doctor?' Barbara asked. 'Travelling around the universe, never settling down. What is it that you are searching for? The Angels can help you, too. Like they helped me. Look into the

eyes of the Angel and everything that is missing in your life will be filled.'

'The Angel giveth what fate hath taken away,' King Henry interrupted. 'Stare into her eyes, old man, and let her read ye soul.'

The Doctor looked at Barbara, then King Henry and then finally towards the Angel. He slowly crouched in front of the Angel looked into her eyes, but all he could feel was fury burning inside of him.

'WHAT CAN YOU GIVE ME?' he shouted suddenly, before thrusting his face forward to stare into the Angel's eyes again, this time his voice was much quieter, almost a whisper. 'What could you possibly give me back when the universe has taken so much from me?'

At Henry's order, soldiers grabbed the Doctor's arms and pulled him away from the Angel.

'You desecrate the blessed Angel with your ire,' Henry seethed at the Doctor, 'and you will hang at Tyburn for your blasphemy. Take him to the Tower.'

The Doctor shot a defiant look towards Henry and Barbara as he was dragged away.

In the darkness, Bill panicked. She could feel cold tears streaming down her face as she opened her eyes. The Angel's feral stony face was less than an inch from hers and illuminated by the red glow of a flaming torch.

'What is wrong with you, silly girl?' said a young woman who was standing just over Bill's left shoulder. Bill could not risk the temptation to look around.

'Just look at the Angel,' Bill told the young woman. 'Keep your eyes fixed on it and move away. Oh, and don't blink, yeah?'

Bill decided it was safe to glance over her shoulder. There was a young woman. She had a stern face, and her dark hair was scraped back into a very unflattering style. She stared at the Angel, but not in fear but contempt.

'Do you know whom you are addressing?' the young woman said. As she did so, she momentarily looked at Bill. Bill quickly glanced back towards the Angel as she realised that no-one was looking at it. The Angel stood still as it was observed once again, but its hands were almost completely around Bill's neck and a sadistic snarl had formed on its face.

'Keep looking at the Angel!' Bill half shouted and half sobbed. 'It's going to kill us if we don't keep looking at it.'

The young woman scowled at the Angel.

'What manner of Satanic creature are you? Made from stone, but can move of its own volition. I do not fear the agents of the Devil.'

'It's a Weeping Angel,' Bill explained, getting some composure back into her voice, 'and it can only move if it's not seen.'

The young woman's torch began to flicker as if it was about to extinguish. Bill started to back away towards the heavy oak door that the young woman had entered through.

'Come on,' Bill said, 'we have to get away.'

'I am the Princess Mary, the king's eldest daughter and named for the Holy Mother of God. I do not run away from any such manifestation of evil.'

The torch had stopped flickering and once again burned strongly. Mary stared at the Angel now, confident and certain that her faith would protect her from anything this unholy creature could throw at her. Several of the king's guards now entered the room and stood beside Bill and Mary.

'Take that creature to the Tower,' Mary ordered, 'and keep it under watch at all times or my father will have you all executed.'

Cromwell stood up from the floor and rubbed his eyes. He looked down at blood stained hands.

'Your eyes,' Cranmer croaked in horror as he saw his colleague's face. Cuts above and below his eyes suggested something had forced them open, and dried blood forms jagged streams down his face as if he had cried crimson tears. 'You must rest, I will-'

'We must go to the Garden of the Angel,'

Cromwell said, placing a bloodied hand on the man's shoulder. 'The Angelic Reformation is upon us, and we must be with the king.'

Cranmer was about to protest, but Cromwell clamped a hand over his mouth and forced the older man roughly against the wall. 'Either you are with the Angels, or you are against... us!' Cromwell spat. 'You will look into her eyes, and you will believe, or you will be damned.'

The Doctor sat on the stone-cold floor of a dank small cell deep inside the Tower of London. He recalled it first being built as a powerful symbol of suppression in the early years of Norman Britain, and he also remembered it as the dark centre of Starship UK, strapped to the back of a tortured Space Whale in the 33rd century. This wasn't the first time that he had been locked in a cell in the Tower, and he doubted it would be his last, but things seemed even more desperate this time.

He had already examined the cell for strategic points of weakness, but had failed to find any. His sonic screwdriver lay on a table on the other side of the bars, frustratingly out of reach. He'd stopped looking for a way out for the moment and had sat down, his head resting backwards on the stone wall behind him, and he contemplated his way out of the situation. A smile formed on his face as the seeds of a plan started to form in his mind. At that moment, on the other side of the bars, Barbara entered.

'How are you?' Barbara asked kindly.

The Doctor smiled. 'All the better for seeing you, Barbara. Let me help you, you don't need the Angel.'

'Of course I don't,' Barbara said.

The Doctor frowned, caught off guard.

'Of course I missed our travels, and of course it took a bit of getting used to, living a normal life afterwards.'

'You resisted the Angel?'

'Oh, it was tempting. She reaches into your soul, looking for any doubt or anxiety and promises to replace it with blissful contentment. Yes, I still longed for those days of adventure I left behind, and the Angel tried to use that against me, but I already have something that helped me move on from my travels in the TARDIS and settle back to a normal life. I have Ian.'

The Doctor smiled. Barbara, how could he ever have doubted her.

'They had you trapped. When I looked into the eyes of the Angel, I knew it was you they were after, and they wanted me to be a pawn in their game.'

'So that's how you recognised me?'

'No,' Barbara laughed. 'I recognised you because I always will, whatever face you wear.'

The Doctor smiled as her looked into the eyes of his old friend. 'Have you heard of the Weeping Angels, Barbara? They were cursed at the dawn of time – to live a life of loneliness. Imagine living only when no-one is around or someone has their back to you, and frozen still when anyone so much as looks at you. That is why they are weeping.'

'That's terribly sad, Doctor. I'll have to tell that story to Melissa when we get back home.'

'Melissa?' the Doctor asked.

'Oh, my student who excavated the Angel in the first place.'

The Doctor pointed towards his sonic screwdriver on the table close by and she passed it over to him.

'I had to play along,' she said. 'It was the only way I could hope to help you escape. If I hadn't, we'd both be in there by now.'

The Doctor used his sonic screwdriver to open the lock on the gaol he was being held in. 'Come on, Barbara, we have a planet to save.'

'What do you know of the Angel?' Mary asked Bill.

'They move when you don't see them,' Bill replied, 'but if you stare at one long enough it can grow inside your mind. They sort of

have you both ways there.'

'Yet I resisted it,' Mary countered with all the warmth of a poisonous snake.

'Yeah,' smiled Bill. 'I mean, that's pretty insane.' She wiped her wet face where the tears had fallen earlier and straightened her clothes.

'It was not by chance,' Mary told her. 'The

Angel was sent to punish the Protestant sacrilege – but not those of us pure in faith, unchanged by the Lutherian lies. Faith will help us resist the Angels.'

'Yeah, like that will help,' Bill said sarcastically.

Suddenly Bill felt a sharp pain at the back of her head as Mary, her face red and scowling, grabbed her hair and pulled her towards the floor. Mary threw her onto the floor and stared at her with black piercing eyes. At that moment, the fear returned to Bill Potts.

'You will still regret those words, heathen. Fire will cleanse your unholy flesh,' Mary screamed. 'My father will order you to be burned at the stake. Heretic!'

Bill regretted her ill-chosen words. She remembered some of 'Bloody' Mary's history from a documentary she had watched on the History Channel when she was bored once – particularly the parts about her burning Protestants at the stake. She wasn't sure what she feared the most at this moment in time – a Weeping Angel or the psychopathic Bloody Mary.

Mary summoned soldiers to enter and escort Bill away.

The Doctor and Barbara had managed to make their way through the Tower, so far unseen.

'"That which holds the image of an Angel becomes itself an Angel,' the Doctor said to Barbara. 'But it can't be simply the image itself – that's impossible. The Angel must grow from something – a psychic link that must act as a focus for a new Angel germinating.'

'I hope this is more than just a theory, Doctor,' Barbara replied. 'However sound it seems.'

'So do I,' the Doctor replied. 'But think about it. It germinates in your mind, so it needs to be fed. There's a link one way, so there could be a link the other way.'

'So the Angel is connected to thousands of minds in Tudor London,' Barbara continued. 'But, equally, those minds will be connected back.'

The Doctor smiled.

Barbara grabbed the Doctor's arm and held a finger to her lips to indicate the need for silence. They hid in an alcove as four yeomen carried a Weeping Angel down the corridor, taking care to stare at it at all times, just as Mary had demanded. The Doctor noticed that there was something slightly unnatural about this particular Angel, it didn't quite seem real. But for now they needed to remain hidden out of sight.

Four soldiers dragged Bill through the arched stone corridors of the Tower of London as they tried to keep up with Princess Mary, who was striding and ranting as she purposely marched ahead.

'That vile tongue of hers will be the first to go,' said Mary shrieked. Then she noticed the door to the armoury. 'I'm sure I can find a knife in here. I will cut her heathen tongue out right now.'

'I'm sorry,' cried Bill as she struggled against the guards. 'I used to go to Sunday School and everything. Even sung in a choir once. At Christmas.'

'Let her go!' ordered a voice. Thomas Cromwell stood in a doorway, the light peering through behind him casting much of his face in shadow. It was an intimidating look. Mary thought twice about arguing, but she hesitated, realising that Cromwell was the one person in her father's court that she could not bully.

Cromwell crept forward and looked coldly at Bill. 'The Angel is calling for you, my lady – the girl who has seen time.'

The Doctor and Barbara stalked the yeomen through the bowels of the Tower, but after turning around yet another corner they ran into a different group. Five men – soldiers from the King's guard.

'Halt,' one of the soldiers said to the Doctor and Barbara. 'Who are you?'

'The King's Doctor,' replied the Doctor, holding up his psychic paper, 'and the Queen of Belgium.' He nodded towards Barbara. The Doctor noticed that the men were carrying bows and arrows – they were elite archers.

'Sorry, your highness,' one of the soldiers said to Barbara. 'We didn't r-.' The man suddenly stopped as the Doctor held up his hand.

'I think the yeomen stopped watching the Angel,' he said, pointing down the corridor.

The archers and Barbara turned to look down the dark corridor. They could see the Weeping Angel standing looking at them. It was pointing to the torches mounted on the wall, and made them start to flicker as if they were going to soon fizzle out.

'Yes,' the Doctor said as he walked towards it. 'It looked like it's been painted, you can see the brushstrokes. It's been created from a painted image, a portrait, but it's not yet complete...'

The Yeomen turned around and lifted their bows and took aim at the feral statue.

'Arrows won't stop the Angel,' the Doctor warned as the archers sent a barrage of five arrows towards their target. The arrows struck the painted Angel, causing small pieces to flake off, and the Angel cracked slightly.

'Are you sure?' Barbara asked. 'It seems to be working.'

Another set of five arrows hit the Angel in quick succession. The Angel cracked even more and after a third barrage of arrows it exploded in a shower of pigment dust. The Doctor walked forward and looked at the grey dust spread across the floor.

'It hadn't fully germinated into a proper Angel,' he realised.

'Well, that's one down,' Barbara said. 'Pretty soon there'll be many more to go.'

Thomas Cromwell frogmarched Bill towards the Garden of the Angel, a sharp steel knife partially concealed underneath his cloak. He gently pushed her forward through the gates of the garden where Bill could see worshippers had gathered. But this time there was something different – the TARDIS stood right next to the Weeping Angel statue. The crowd of Tudor worshippers seemed to have grown larger, and this time they were queuing to touch the TARDIS. As each person stepped forward, they placed their palms on the blue exterior before staggering away, as if all their energy had drained from them. Soldiers helped to move them to one side, but many had fainted and lay on the grass to one side.

'What are they doing?' Bill asked Cromwell.

'Scripture tells us of the Rapture,' replied Cromwell, 'and we are creating our own.'

'You don't know what you are messing with,' warned Bill. 'Whatever that Angel is doing, it's not going to bring you what you want. The Angel had this all planned out from the beginning.'

King Henry walked over to Bill.

'My Lady,' Henry said to Bill. 'The birth of the Angels is at hand. They are nesting...'

'Hang on. The Angels inside everyone's minds...' Bill realised. 'You are transferring them to the inside of the TARDIS?'

'They are nesting,' Cromwell confirmed. 'The Angelic Reformation is upon us.'

Bill looked at the TARDIS and felt panic rise through her. A new Angel army gestated inside the TARDIS.

The Doctor and Barbara arrived on horseback at the Garden of the Angel. Henry, Cromwell and Bill stood there, alongside several of Henry's soldiers and pike men. Most of the worshippers had been cleared as Henry waited for the final encounter with the Doctor.

'It's not too late to stop all of this, Your Majesty,' the Doctor pleaded.

'The Angels are ready to rise. This will be a new Reformation of England and the world will bow under the might of the new English empire.'

'The Empire of the Angels,' the Doctor

warned. 'There will be no England left.'

Cromwell walked forward, holding a knife to Bill's chest.

'Don't harm her,' the Doctor warned, a thunderous expression on his face that made even Cromwell flinch.

'Open your box,' Henry ordered the Doctor, 'and she will live.'

'There's an army of Angels inside!' shouted Bill before Cromwell muffled her voice with his hand.

The Doctor looked at the Angel, standing in front of his TARDIS.

'She looks harmless like that, doesn't she?' the Doctor said to Henry, 'but her image has filled the minds of all those who looked into her eyes, possessing them,' the Doctor warned looking at Henry. 'You may have transferred the growing Angels to my TARDIS, but they will destroy England, and then the world, but not in the name of God nor England. They will kill in the name of the

Angels.'

Henry stirred and he felt a powerful urge to strike down the Doctor and cut short his lies, but he knew that those thoughts were coming from the Angel inside of him, and for the first time in weeks he realised that his own will was rebelling against the Angel.

Barbara stepped forward.

'Henry, history will always remember you as its most famous king. The man who defended England against those who would seek to invade and destroy her.' She looked into Henry's eyes. 'But those Angels want to use your passion, your calling, to take England.'

Henry listened to the woman. 'The Angel is part of me, but,' Henry stumbled for a moment, 'she fears you.'

Cromwell nervously glanced at Henry, but he too could feel the Angel within him panic as it was losing its influence over them all.

'I fought against the influence of the Angel,' Barbara continued. 'I resisted her because there was something more important. The Angels gives you only false hope. Do not surrender to the enemy. The Angel is weak, and you must fight it for England's sake, Sire.' She turned to Cromwell and the rest of Henry's aides, 'You must all fight – for your King and your country! History will remember your victory against the Angel.'

King Henry was not sure, his mouth twisted as he mulled the words of the Doctor and Barbara.

'Father,' a voice broke his musings. 'They speaketh the truth. The Angel is satanic, I have seen it's true face. It killed your guards in the Tower.'

'What do I do?' Henry asked.

The Doctor stepped forward. 'How do you defeat an Angel?' he said. 'I can tell you, but we haven't got long. Gather the people who worshipped the Angel here, right now. England is about to unite under her king.'

Inside the TARDIS the Angels solidified, hurrying to complete before the Doctor could trick them. For the Angels, time was running out...

The Doctor looked at the worshippers gathered in the garden circled around the Angel for a few moments before he turned to Henry.

'The Angel placed a thought inside the minds of all these people in the form of an image, but the connection works both ways. The Angels that were in their minds are now nesting in the TARDIS, but the TARDIS is linked to me through its psychic circuits. I can force the TARDIS to reject the Angels, and they will form back inside the minds of those gathered here.' The Doctor smiled at Henry and rested a hand on his shoulder. 'When they do, all those people standing in front of you will have a psychic link to the main Angel, but I want you to get them all to place an image in the mind of the Angel.'

King Henry looked confused, and the Doctor realised that maybe he needed a simpler message: 'Tell your people to fight the Angel for the sake of England and her King. Tell them to let the Angel see them staring at her, shouting for England in defiance. Let the Angel's mind see nothing but people staring at her, never unseen.'

Henry looked at the Doctor, then Barbara, then Bill.

'For King and country,' Barbara said.

Henry stood in front of the gathered people. They stared at him waiting for him to talk.

'We thought that Heaven had sent us an Angel, but it is a devil in disguise. The fallen Angel would have us surrender our empire and shatter it into a thousand pieces. But we will not yield to those who would destroy us. This is England and we-,' Henry paused.

'Are the champions!' Bill leaned forward and added, a cheeky smile on her face.

'We are the Champions!' Henry shouted, and as he repeated the crowd joined him over and over again. 'WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS! WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS!'

'Bill,' the Doctor whispered, 'we need to have a word!'

LONDON, 1968

The Doctor watched as the last of the bricks were cemented to a cellar in which the Angel was being sealed. The cellar was the same one that would be excavated centuries later on the Thames embankment that Barbara would visit.

'Won't the Angel escape as soon as it is unseen?' Barbara asked the Doctor.

'I have a plan,' the Doctor said to Barbara as he lifted a vial of metallic fluid.

'What is that?' Barbara asked.

'Nanogenic mercury. It will spread on the other side of the wall and form a permanent mirror to the Angel. Well, until your friend decides to knock it down I the future.'

'Well that explains the mirrored surface we found during the excavation.'

'Angel's can't move if they are observed, and that includes their own gaze.'

Barbara passed the last brick to the Doctor who held it up to the only gap left in the wall between him and the Angel. The Doctor leaned forward and looked through the gap where the last rays of sunlight caught the Angel's face.

'The eyes are not the window of the soul, they are the doors,' the Doctor said. 'Beware what may enter there.'

The Doctor placed the last brick in place.

Barbara looked in awe at the inside of the TARDIS. It was just as much of a breathtaking experience as when she first saw it many years ago, though the interior design had changed completely.

'New model?' Barbara asked the Doctor.

'Same old TARDIS,' the Doctor replied back, patting the central console affectionately.

Bill rolled her eyes.

'Now, there is the issue of that Angel in the future – the one that sent you back to Tudor times in the first place.'

'Yes,' Barbara replied. 'The one we just sealed in the cellar. How do we stop it awakening when the mirrored surface is cracked?'

'I have a more permanent solution this time around. I just need a small detour to pick something up.'

'Well, we'd better hurry up,' Barbara added. 'Goodness knows what the Angel has been doing in the future since we've been here, in Tudor times.'

Professor Mellissa Forrester smiled as the TV cameras focused on the Angel as it stood in the centre of the television studio. She was about to hold an interview live on BBC News about the excavation of the Angel, a plan she had been obsessed with ever since she looked into the Angel's eyes.

'Live in ten seconds,' the director shouted.

A live transmission across the UK – an Angel on every TV screen, thought Professor Forrester. But that thought was suddenly broken by a loud vworp-vworp noise as a blue box solidified around the Angel.

'I have to get this just right!' the Doctor said as he carefully adjusted the materialisation buffers. 'The TARDIS will materialise around the Angel, and I need her to materialise inside the Quantum Dissipation box.'

Bill looked at the TARDIS scanner to see that TV cameras were now focussed on the TARDIS. 'TV cameras,' Bill added. 'Looks like they were about to film the Angel.'

'The Angel must be influencing Melissa,' Barbara realised. 'Lucky we got here just in time – if they'd broadcast an image of the Angel on every TV screen in Britain, there would soon be an Angel in every living room.'

'Let's not disappoint them, though,' the Doctor suggested, 'they wanted something scary.'

The Doctor flicked a switch that interfered with the live transmission. Instead of broadcasting the TARDIS materialising, it was showing an old episode of Scooby Doo.

'Where did that come from?' Bill asked.

'TARDIS memory banks,' the Doctor replied, as if the answer was obvious.

'You have episodes of Scooby Doo stored in the TARDIS databanks?'

'All of Time and Space,' the Doctor smiled. 'I have told you this before.'

VONDARIS PRIME

The TARDIS materialised on Vondaris Prime, a snow-covered world that would be uninhabited for millennia. The Doctor used antigravity clamps to help move the Quantum Dissipation box outside the TARDIS and into the snow. He returned to the TARDIS and closed the door, leaving the Quantum Dissipation box in complete isolation. Bill and Barbara still looked puzzled.

'The Angels exist in a multi-quantum state until they are observed,' the Doctor said, unwrapping the large multicoloured scarf from around his neck that had kept him warm in the snow.

'In quantum physics an object can have multiple quantum states until it is observed, at which point waveform collapse occurs reducing it to one state, at least for as long as it is observed.'

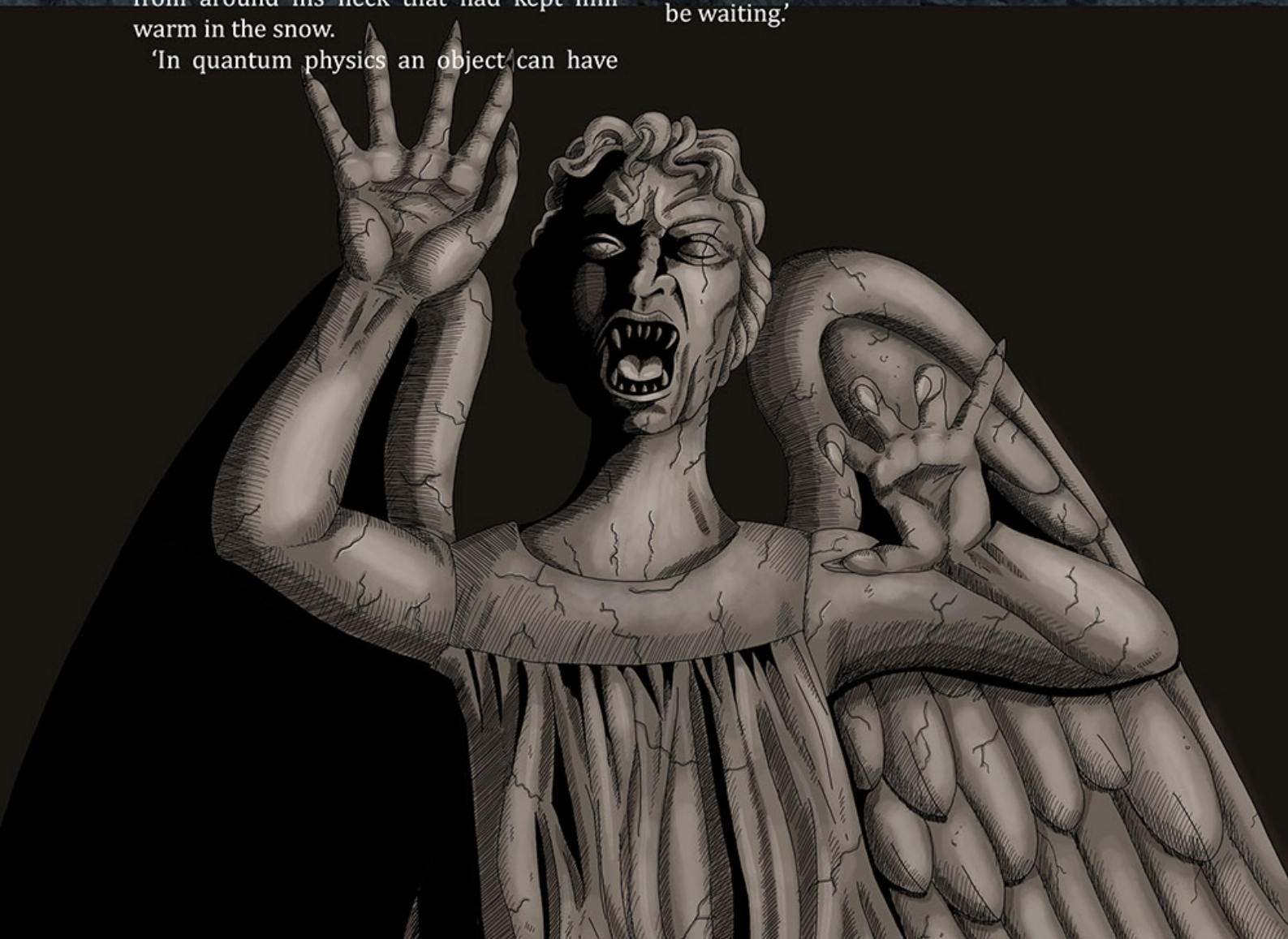
'So that's why the Angel is only a statue when someone is looking at it,' Barbara realised.

'Exactly,' the Doctor grinned. 'Or at least, close enough. But observation isn't the only way to induce waveform collapse and force an object to stay in one fixed state – quantum dissipation is the other way, and that's what is happening inside that box, keeping the Angel in a permanent state of being an inanimate statue.'

'But how?' Bill asked.

'It absorbs all energy from the system – the object simple has insufficient energy to sustain multiple states, it can only sustain one state – in this case a statue. Inanimate and harmless.'

'It may be inanimate and harmless,' Barbara said as a cold chill ran down her spine, 'but I have a feeling that the Angel will be waiting.'



The Krynoid offered to let me live if I surrendered...
I didn't realise the conversion process starts while you're still conscious...

The villagers crowded around me, convinced I was a magician because I'd appeared in front of them out of thin air…
I couldn't escape because my TARDIS, the 'Witch Box' they called it, was burning on a pyre close by where an empty wooden pole stood, waiting for me.

The sonic screwdriver hummed and
shone brightly as the Doctor scanned my chest…
His smile faded when he murmured,
'You've been dead for hours, so what's been
talking to me.'

The Time Lords resurrected me to fight in
their eternal Time War…
I asked who they were fighting and they
showed me an image of myself, several
regenerations ahead, snarling like an animal.

The final battery of tests showed that the
child was a perfectly healthy, ordinary human…
The Nestene was happy it's latest Auton had
been a complete success.

The Cybermen said my emotions were a
weakness and needed to be removed,
so I started to scream…
By the time I opened my mouth I'd already
lost the ability to feel scared.

The Doctor reassured me that all time loops
break eventually…
The problem was, the Doctor said that
yesterday too.

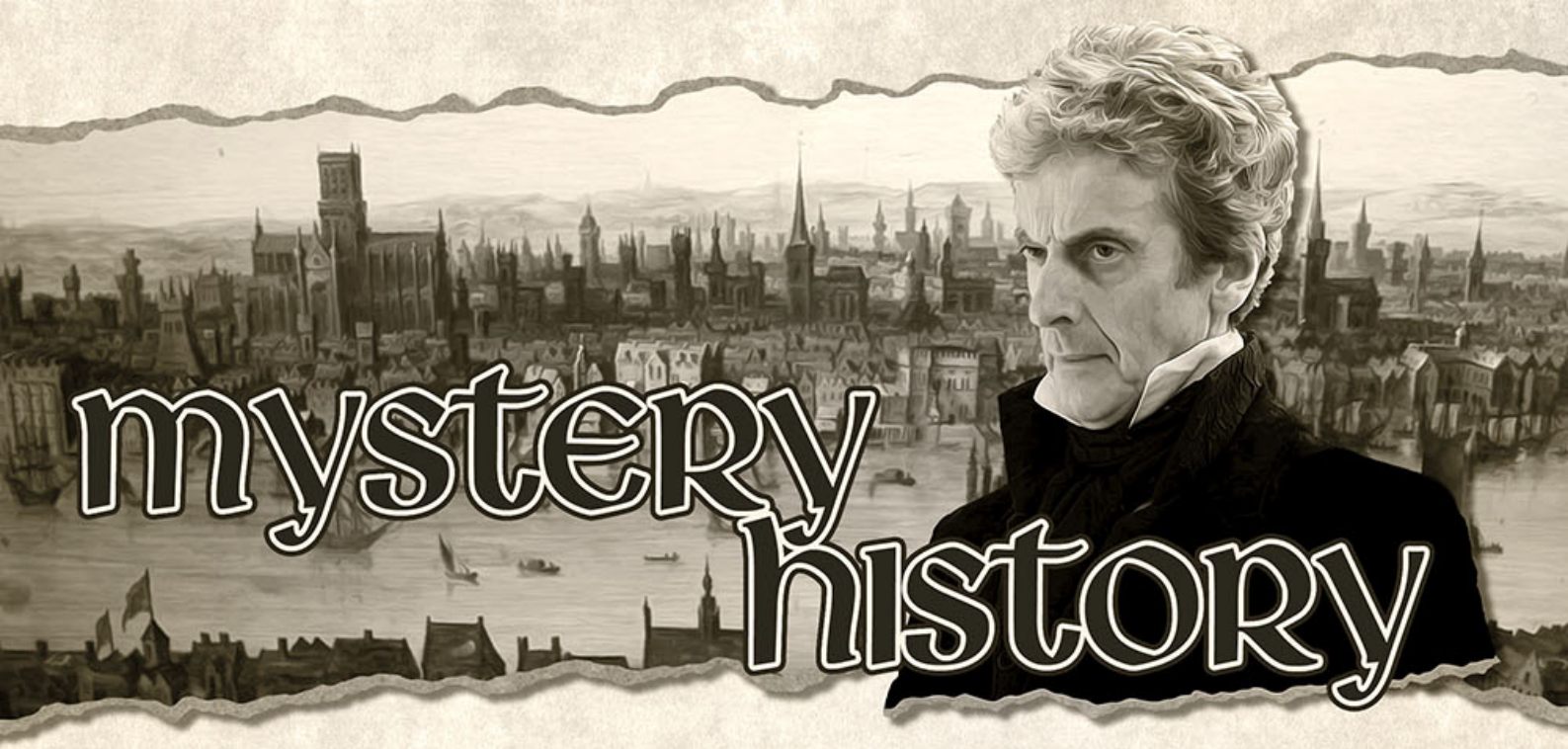
After Christmas dinner, we played a game asking each other what our spirit animals would be… My wife grabbed my throat as her face twisted and distorted and replied: 'Zygon!'

My phone buzzed with a text message saying: 'Don't Blink!' …But the Weeping Angel standing in the corner smiled, because I just had.

Missy smiled sweetly as she handed me a book titled 'How You Die!' …The first page read: 'Chapter One – Accepting Missy's Book'.

Missy brought me to Gallifrey and showed me a statue erected in my honour… When I saw its eyes move, Missy giggled and said, 'Oh, don't mind that, you'll find out who gets trapped in there later'.

Missy told me that she had travelled back in time to stop me becoming a monster... Just as I was about to thank her, she held a device towards me and said, 'Because that's my job!'



One of history's most enduring mysteries surrounds the abandonment of the Marie Celeste, a merchant brigantine built in Canada starting in 1860. She was originally named Amazon when she was launched on 18th May, 1861. Stories of bad luck soon followed the vessel, with her first captain falling to illness on it's maiden voyage, later succumbing to his ill health, collisions at sea, and finally wrecked in a storm when it was driven ashore in 1867.

The wreck of the Amazon was restored in 1868 and renamed the Mary Celeste, and a further refit, making her much larger and adding a second deck in 1872. That same year, Captain Benjamin Briggs took command of the Mary Celeste for it's first voyage to it's destination in Genoa, Italy.

The Mary Celeste was loaded with 1701

barrels of alcohol, and after the crew and passengers embarked, including Briggs' wife and infant daughter, it set sail from New York on 5th November 1872.

On 4th December, 1872, another ship sailing from the United States of America (New Jersey), the *Dei Gratia*, discovered a ship drifting towards them, it's path erratic. Nobody was seen onboard, and the ship showed some damage, including to its sails and rigging. The ship's lifeboat was missing, and the hold had a significant amount of water in it. The ship was called the *Mary Celeste*.

The last entry in the ship's log was entered at 8 a.m. on the 25th November, almost 400 nautical miles away from where it was found, which placed it near Santa Maria Island in the Azores. There was no clue as to why it was abandoned – no signs of a fight or fire – and the navigation equipment was missing. The evidence appeared to show a deliberate, and quick, abandonment of the ship using the missing lifeboat.

Stories of mutiny and insurrection were muttered, but there was no evidence to support this on subsequent examination. Theories also abound of a dangerous cargo, with the alcohol emitting dangerous vapours that posed a fire or explosion risk, or severely adverse weather conditions, though a lifeboat would hardly have been safer. Perhaps the water found in the hold had caused panic, the crew so convinced the ship was sinking that they had to abandon it in a hurry. Or, just perhaps, something else intercepted the ship, something otherworldly and alien, creatures so unlike anything the crew had ever seen before, creatures full of hatred and cased in cold metal that the crew ran in terror, desperate to escape.

The fate of the *Mary Celeste* would fascinate researchers for many years to come.

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
So This Is
CHRISTMAS

BBC

DOCTOR WHO

So This Is CHRISTMAS

Ypres, Belgium, Christmas Eve, 1914

'It started with an assassination. As one life ended, millions were condemned to lose theirs.'

The man stood for a moment and looked along the mud and wood tunnel that had been carved by hand and spade into French soil. It formed a small part of a long network of trenches that ran like veins across the country in a war where the front had remained stagnant, an impasse for both sides.

This was World War I, and the trench was

eerily empty.

The man was John Lennon and he was out of his time, but he recognised his surroundings with a profound sense of deep sadness. This damp, sodden hell was currently the only home that many thousands of young men knew. John broke his silence and spoke to the huge blue wooden box that stood behind him.

'The world went to war over the life of one man, but in truth, Doctor, the Great War happened due to imperialist Governments who wanted it,' John Lennon said sadly. 'They didn't realise that real power comes through peace and love.'

'Yes,' The Doctor agreed as he exited the TARDIS, his arms full, holding a wooden crate crammed with fruit, biscuits, cake and bars of chocolate. 'But for the soldiers stationed here the war has stopped, even if it is just for a moment,' the Doctor said.

He pushed the crate of food into John's arms and picked a second one up from just inside the TARDIS doors. 'Come on, John.'

The TARDIS had landed in the Allied trenches in the Western Front of Europe in the opening year of the First World War. It was Christmas Eve, 1941, and an unofficial truce had developed between the frontline soldiers from either side. German soldiers had lit candles and placed them out in front of their trenches, singing Christmas carols. In turn, some British troops had responded in like, lighting their own candles and singing carols in their own language. Soldiers from either side had even ventured across No Man's Land to swap gifts and good wishes. Artillery fire had stopped temporarily as the soldiers tried to observe the season of peace and goodwill, but, later, the commanders of both sides would learn of the 'Christmas Truce' and would be furious about it.

'They don't want to fight, the war wasn't even their choice,' John said as they made their way towards one of the trench ladders, 'and today they don't have to.' The Doctor noted that John smiled, for the first time since they got here, a glimmer of hope had broken through the sadness.

Carrying the second crate, this one filled with oranges, cakes and sweets, the Doctor joined John and they both approached the informal gathering of British and German troops in No Man's Land. The soldiers from either side were strangely relaxed in each other's presence, all animosity momentarily forgotten. Today they were just people, not enemies. The Doctor and John wished the soldiers of both sides a Happy Christmas.

'Oh, almost forgot this,' remembered the Doctor as he pulled a football out of one of his pockets that suddenly self-inflated. He frowned in concentration at some sharpie writing on it. 'Nobby Stiles,' he read. Ah well, Nobby would approve, the Doctor thought. He threw the football onto the ground. 'Merry Christmas!'

A few hours later, the Doctor and John Lennon made their way back to the TARDIS.

'I wish everyone could have seen that, Doctor. Soldiers turning their backs on war.'

The Doctor and John were making their way back through the dark, muddy trenches towards the TARDIS, a blue hue cast upon them by the brightly lit windows of the time machine.

'I wish it could have lasted,' John added, 'and ended the war four years early.'

As they prepared to enter the TARDIS a young British soldier approached them from where he had been standing, in the shadows. He must only have only just been old enough to serve in the army, John thought.

'Are you both from the future?' he asked them, nervously. 'You talk as if you are.' The young soldier must have been hiding

close by when the TARDIS had arrived. 'Is this the end of the world? I want to go home. Our Gran needs me, you see, I...' he stopped, his voice shook as if fearing the answer.

'The war will end,' John replied. 'It'll end.'

The young soldier smiled at him and John gave him a hug.

Christmas, 1979

It was Christmas Eve, 1979 and the TARDIS materialised with its usual crescendo of wheezes and groans in a red brick alleyway near to the house that John Lennon currently lived in. It was a small quiet alleyway, so the Doctor could return John home (before Yoko realised he was gone). Only moments had passed since the Doctor and Lennon had left the trenches of World War I but for the Earth it had been almost 60 years. The world had changed so much in that time.

This wasn't the first time that the Doctor had visited John Lennon. He first met him when John was still part of the Beatles, and a couple more times since then - the Doctor was a huge fan after all.

As a Time Lord, the Doctor should probably have resisted the urge to use the history books as a bucket list of people to hang out with, but more often than not the temptation proved just too much. As for John Lennon, he had always wanted a trip in the TARDIS, and as a present for his old friend, not to mention a lost bet, the Doctor had finally obliged.

The destination had been John's choice, which hadn't really surprised the Doctor - John had always wanted to find the path to peace even in the midst of war.

John Lennon thanked the Doctor and stepped out into the snow. It didn't often actually snow at Christmas, but when it did there was something both magical and pure about it. John stopped for a moment and looked back at the Doctor.

'What about my future?' John asked the Doctor. The Doctor was momentarily quiet, John felt a chill down his spine. 'Maybe I don't want to know.'

The Doctor looked uncomfortable, but he knew he would have to say... something.

'There are laws of time,' the Doctor replied, and then he hesitated. 'Maybe, though, just maybe it would be fine this time. It is Christmas after all.'

The Doctor smiled and opened the TARDIS door for a second time. 'Time to see the future,' the Doctor added, enigmatically.

The Drexon Expanse, 31st Century

Moments after it had left the snowy alleyway of the 20th Century, the TARDIS materialised with a wheezy inelegance inside an especially glittery guest lounge onboard a 31st Century spaceship. The sudden change in environment was pretty usual for travel by TARDIS. Its arrival was barely noticed amongst the excited buzz of a social event in full swing, a diplomatic meeting drawing together representatives from hundreds of civilised worlds.

The lounge was a huge domed area that glowed a bright yellow, with red columns reaching from floor to ceiling, and hundreds of Christmas decorations scattered all around. John Lennon looked around the room, the tinsel and baubles casting sparks of light all around like sunlight reflecting off a rippling lake, and he was amazed. As he looked further around the lounge, John noticed the vast diversity of alien people who were laughing and chatting together.

'Don't you recognise it?' The Doctor prompted John, as he pointed around the room, his finger finally finding a large red porthole dead ahead.

'It's the Yellow Submarine!' John

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

laughed.

It was surreal - just like the Yellow Submarine that he had written and sung about. It was once just a figment of his imagination, but here it was existing for real, and packed with happy people from all corners of space. And beyond the partygoers, tinsel and balloons, John's gaze was drawn to the big porthole the Doctor had just pointed out to him, and the vast infinity of space beyond it.

'What are they all doing here?' John asked. 'All these… spacemen and spacewomen?'

'The Imagine Foundation,' the Doctor answered, 'named after the song. Even in the 31st Century people inspired by your messages of peace are spreading through the galaxy. This is your legacy, John. Merry Christmas.'

'A peacekeeping foundation?' Lennon asked. 'A futuristic, peacekeeping foundation?'

'In space,' the Doctor added. 'Don't forget the space.'

John was still finding it difficult to take it all in - all the aliens. Especially the aliens.

'Look at that one with the basin haircut,' John said.

'A Monoid,' the Doctor answered.

'I used to have a haircut like that in the 60s,' Lennon added.

'Yes,' the Doctor replied. 'I think I did too.'

The Doctor walked over to a table full of food and drink, a veritable Christmas feast, as if the Spirit of Christmas Present himself had leapt out of the pages of Dickens' novel and lavishly spread food from corner to corner.

'Who's that?' Lennon said, pointing to another alien.

'That's Father Root, Progenitor of the Dioecious Hegemony.' The Doctor looked

again at Lennon. ‘He’s basically a Tree King.’

Father Root looked over and saw the Doctor. ‘Root! Root! Root!’ he shouted with a voice that sounded deep and jovial, but it had a rough edge, as if the words themselves were torn into two as he spoke. It stuck John that even its voice was alien, no person he ever met sounded anything remotely like that. He might be good on a song track though.

‘He’s wishing us both good fortune,’ the Doctor explained. ‘I speak tree.’

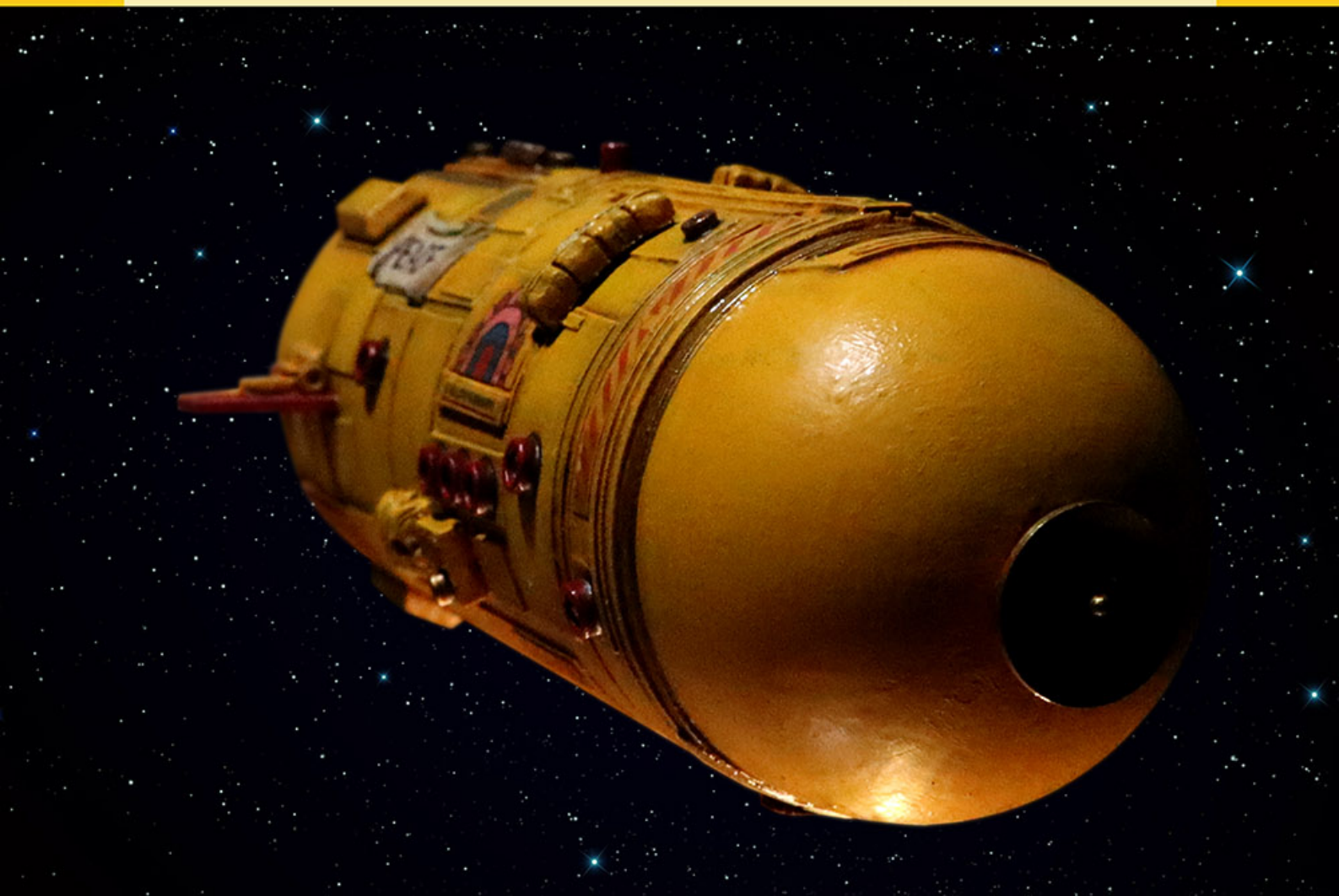
There was plenty of other aliens who were also gathered, including a huge fish alien. It was an overwhelmingly surreal experience.

‘So you’ve brought me to an alien space party, Doctor. It’s not just for the wine and cheese, is it?’

‘No,’ the Doctor said, his expression that of a guilty schoolboy caught sneaking out of school early. He pointed back towards the huge porthole in the wall opposite.

‘I think the people onboard this ship have their work cut out for them,’ the Doctor said grimly.

John looked out to see the twinkling black canvas of space beyond the spaceship, but as beautiful as that sight might have been on another day, chills ran down his spine. A huge black spaceship covered in threatening barbed weapons hovered in space, and it easily dwarfed the Yellow Submarine by a magnitude of hundreds.



A whole fleet of identical ships were in strict formation just behind it.

'We are in a warzone?' Lennon asked the Doctor. 'Another war, but with spaceships this time?'

'Yes, John. We're right in the middle of a war,' the Doctor replied, 'and that ship is just one of many.'

Elsewhere a black table displayed a holographic map of two fleets engaged in war. The red ships represented the fleet of the Haversh Alliance and the green ships represented the Kaathani Protectorate. Both powers had been at war for years and it was increasingly unpopular amongst the civilian populations of both empires. Several Slitheen sat around the table scrutinising the positions of both fleets, calculating the skirmishes occurring and the number of battleships lost. War was business, after all, and the Slitheen had been hired to ensure the war escalated.

A small yellow ship was shown in the middle of those fleets, shadowed by a huge Kaathani battlecruiser.

A shrill ululating voice asked to zoom in on the yellow ship. As the hologram

NO WAR

shifted to display the Yellow Submarine and the very much larger Kaathani battlecruiser, the voice turned to a sneering laughter.

'A ship of peace that will escalate a war! Is our agent in place?'

The Slitheen family head, Clor Fel-Fotch Pasameer-Day Slitheen, looked at their employer's representative and a sick smile spread across his lips.

'Our agent is in place, Sil, and soon the war will become an apocalypse. The peace conference will be overshadowed by a massacre, and each side will blame the other.'

Sil's eyes bulged greedily at the thought of both fleets as broken shells in space. Then the Mentors would be able to sell both sides more battleships to feed their thirst for vengeance.

The Doctor and John looked out through the porthole and had their eyes fixed on a huge and predatory Kaathani battlecruiser that had approached the Yellow Submarine.

'Why would they build a thing like that?' John said, rhetorically. The Doctor silently agreed.

'Have I seen you two before?' a voice behind them asked sternly. 'I need to see your boarding passes - this is a peacekeeping ship on a crucial mission - we can't have stowaways onboard.'

The Doctor and John spun around, realising they were under scrutiny. There was a woman standing behind them, accompanied by a, presumably pet, Husky dog. She exuded authority, and the Doctor and John instantly knew she was the person in charge here.

'You should at least recognise him,' the Doctor suggested, pointing to John Lennon. 'I mean, this ship is literally a homage to his work.'

The woman just stared at Lennon dismissively, then back to the Doctor. 'I still need to see your boarding passes.'

The Doctor held out his psychic paper and waved it in front of the woman's face. 'Here it is! Our 'ticket to ride'.'

Lennon sighed and leant closer to the woman. 'The face changes, but the jokes don't.'

The Doctor coughed trying to move the conversation on, but before he could say anything the woman spoke again.

'OK, so your pass checks out, but try and keep out of the way. You've seen our, for want of a better word, 'escort', we are reassuring them we are a diplomatic vessel offering independent negotiations for a peaceful resolution.'

'But you're not convinced they are listening,' the Doctor noted.

'They're warships, they are here to fight,' Jeniah replied bluntly. The situation was clearly extremely tense for her, which contrasted starkly with the atmosphere elsewhere in the lounge.

'Maybe they don't want to fight. Not all of them, anyway,' John added.

John could see the passion in the woman's eyes as she talked about her mission - she was here risking her life so that a terrible war could be stopped, even though she knew that it was going to be an almost impossible task.

'I'm Jeniah Tole, head of the Imagination Foundation, this is Rigby. Welcome onboard the SS Yellow Submarine.'

'Rigby?' said John. 'You called the dog Rigby?'

'As in Eleanor,' said the Doctor. 'There's nothing like obsessive fans,' he finished before patting the dog on the head.

Jeniah smiled at John as she turned to leave.

'Nice Lennon guise, by the way. One of the best Wannabes I've ever seen. Almost a perfect match.' She smiled. 'If the real John Lennon was here, I'm sure he'd know exactly what to say and do in this situation. The good news is, though, is that we've had some contact from either side. I wouldn't say it was promising just yet, but it's something for us to work on.'

'If John was here,' the Doctor replied. 'The, er, real John Lennon, he'd probably say just believe in yourself. Probably.' The Doctor side-eyed John.

'Yeah, believe in yourself. And believe in peace, give it a chance,' John added. Jeniah smiled at them and left.

Jeniah started to talk into a comms device on her belt to ask the bridge crew for an update on their Kaathani battlecruiser escort.

'Wannabe?' Lennon asked the Doctor.

The Doctor explained that in the future people could change their entire physical appearance as easily as putting on some make-up, and some people would emulate their heroes - they were nicknamed 'Wannabes'. Lennon was apparently a popular choice, but not as much as Elvis, he explained - there was even a colony full of nothing but Elvis Wannabes. 'Space Graceland,' the Doctor added.

'This is a lot to take in,' John sighed.

'Mince pie?' the Doctor said in return, offering John a tray of them.

The Slitheen ship was hidden from sight by a Promethian cloaking device that allowed it to approach the SS Yellow Submarine and the Kaathani Battlecruiser without any danger of it being detected by either. Clor Fon-Fetch looked at both ships as they loomed large on the holo-display.

'Are the preparations complete?' he asked his cousin, Jin Fon-Fetch.

Jin nodded his head, prompting the Slitheen gathered around the table to break into a slow, sinister laugh.

'The Christmas Massacre,' Clor grinned. 'The family will reward us well for this.'

Clor laughed again, echoed by his brethren, but inside his mind he wasn't laughing at all. In fact, Clor Fen-Fotch had never been more serious - he had plans to rise to his rightful position as the Head of the Family Slitheen, and the backing of Sil and the Mentors might just be the leverage he desperately needed.

The Doctor had decided to head towards the bridge to see what was happening with the Kaathani battlecruiser, but security guards had refused to allow him to leave the lounge that they had arrived in.

'It never ceases to surprise me,' the Doctor ranted, 'why helping pudding brains not to get killed is made more difficult by the very pudding brains I'm trying to help.'

'Maybe find a more friendly nickname than 'pudding brains',' John suggested.

Undeterred by John's blunt feedback, the Doctor started to head back towards the TARDIS. 'If they won't let me into their security systems, I'll see what the TARDIS scanners can find out about the situation we are in. Come along, John.'

Inside the TARDIS, the Doctor moved to and fro around the TARDIS console, flicking switches and pressing buttons. Within a minute or so the TARDIS scanner screens showed a 3D schematic of the warzone, with the Yellow Submarine right in the centre of two vast armadas. The Doctor explained to John that both sides in the war were waiting in defensive postures, but they seemed to be attempting to reach a peaceful conclusion via delegates at a conference. The diplomatic teams from both sides were transferring onboard.

'No wonder Jeniah was so tetchy,' the Doctor commented. 'Not that I'm one to talk,' he added with a self-deprecating smile.

The Yellow Submarine sat at the centre of the war zone aiming to host the peace process, to show that the people of both empires wanted peace. The TARDIS screen was showing the Doctor three spaceships in their immediate vicinity, one of which was hidden from conventional sensors by a cloaking device. Fortunately, the TARDIS was anything but conventional.

'Interesting,' pondered John Lennon, 'someone's hiding here and stirring up trouble by the looks of it.'

The Doctor agreed, troubled by the discovery.

'Jeniah is risking her life, in my name,' said Lennon, furious, 'and these, whatever they are, are what? Stirring the pot? Warmongering? We have to help Jeniah spread peace.'

The Doctor looked at John and smiled.

'We will,' he replied as he flicked a switch on the console. 'Let's fly into the eye of the storm!'

The TARDIS dematerialised...

The inside of the Slitheen ship was dark and almost featureless, with dark grey metallic walls. In the midst of the shadows, the TARDIS started to materialise. A moment later, the Doctor and John stepped out.

'Bit dull,' Lennon remarked, unimpressed.

'It's a warship, not an art gallery,' the Doctor quipped back.

The Doctor saw several skin-suits that were hanging up nearby and he walked towards them.

'Slitheen,' he said to John. 'Sort of big wobbly creatures who like to dress up and role play.'

The door to the room opened and two Slitheen entered. The Doctor looked at them and frowned.

‘Smith and Lennon, interior decorators,’ he explained to them.

John leaned in. ‘Don’t you mean Lennon and Smith? Lennon sounds better first.’

The Doctor thought for a second.

‘Well, if it’s good enough for Paul - Lennon and Smith, interior decorators.’

The Doctor turned back to the Slitheen. ‘Bit dull around here, what about a lovely coat of blue?’

One of the Slitheen lunged at them, huge bony talons swinging forward, but the Doctor had been expecting it - he swerved out of the way and grabbed his sonic screwdriver from out of his pocket. The Doctor and John bolted out of the room, the Doctor spun around and used the sonic to deadlock the door behind them.

‘Won’t hold them for long,’ the Doctor warned.

As if on cue, the door suddenly shook as Slitheen claws tried to slice through it. The Doctor and John disappeared around a corner and deeper into the ship.

‘Intruder alert!’ announced a Slitheen in the bridge area. Sil glared in anger at Clor and silently demanded to know what was happening. Clor managed to get a visual on the intruders running down the corridor.

‘No!’ seethed Sil, ‘It can’t be! DOCTOR!!!!!’ he screamed.

Clor looked at the Mentor as his slimy arms were flailing in the air and he was screaming. Clor’s family had encountered the Doctor more than once before and he was aware of the danger he represented.

‘Catch them and bring them here alive!’ he ordered as he turned back towards Sil. The Mentor was still flailing his arms about.

The Doctor and Lennon ran down yet another corridor, just as featureless than the last one.

‘Do you know where you are going?’ John asked the Doctor.

‘No,’ he replied, ‘but, ah, all roads lead to Rome.’

The Doctor opened another door just to reveal a Slitheen behind it. They spun around and took a detour but that corridor was also blocked, once again by another Slitheen. The Doctor held up his hands.

‘You don’t like interior decorators, do you? Can’t blame you, I suppose.’

The Doctor and John were forcibly escorted into the ship’s bridge area.

‘Sil,’ the Doctor muttered, ‘and working with the Slitheen.’ He looked slowly around the room. ‘You are going to escalate this war, aren’t you.’

Clor could hardly contain his excitement. ‘My family has encountered you before, Doctor. You may have changed, but the stench of your interference remains the same.’

‘If I were you,’ the Doctor warned, ‘I wouldn’t criticise anyone else because of their stench.’ Clor frowned as the Doctor continued. ‘You could have said this was a blast from the past, but maybe that’s another thing you should keep to yourself.’

Clor screamed at the Doctor. ‘Hurl your insults towards me all you like, but soon this sector will be awash with burning, broken ships, and after you have borne witness to it, you will die. Christmas is a time for family, and I will have vengeance for mine.’

‘Come on, tell me your plan! Blow me away! Ah, on second thoughts, maybe not!’

Sil laughed, the ululating sound echoing around the room. ‘We’re running this war - both sides, Doctor!’ he explained. ‘The Havershi and Kaathani are sending delegates to that little yellow ship to see if they can find a peaceful solution to this war, but the destruction of a peacekeeping ship by a Kaathani battlecruiser should derail those talks and ensure the war continues. More war, more weapons and more profit!’

Sil's face was bulging in excitement, echoed by the glee on the faces of the Slitheen, but Lennon was furious.

'A war run by a maniac for maniacal ends, destroying people and spreading misery. But the people, they will want peace and they will get it.'

Sil just laughed at John's outburst. 'So what was your plan, Doctor?' Clor asked.

'How far did you think you could get with simple words?'

'With words?' the Doctor echoed. 'It passes the time, and add to that a little bit of running around corridors, that's a few more minutes - enough of a distraction for my TARDIS to seek out and destroy the cloaking device you've installed on this ship. It's been doing that since we arrived. Now say 'cheese' to all the lovely people watching!'

Several panels around the bridge sparked just as the Doctor finished his sentence. Clor could see the Kaathani battlecruiser arc towards their position as the huge ship had suddenly detected the Slitheen ship.

'We are visible!' Jin shouted in a panicked voice. 'We are no longer cloaked!'

'That was just my opening act!' the Doctor grinned. 'This man, John Lennon, a true genius - he's my main act, and we still have that to come!'

The Kaathani battlecruiser fired its laser cannons at the Slitheen ship, attempting to disable it. Taking advantage of the momentary panic and distraction, the Doctor and John ran out of the bridge and back towards the TARDIS.

Inside the TARDIS, the Doctor frantically spun dials and flicked switches.

'They must be sending a signal now. I think the Slitheen have a disguised agent onboard the Yellow Submarine. They

don't really have anything to lose.'

'The sleeper agent onboard the Yellow Submarine? They are just like all warmongers... power, greed... that feeds their desire for war, and they sit back and watch other people's lives being sacrificed.'

The Doctor picked up the covert transmission from the Slitheen ship to the Yellow Submarine.

'That's it, the signal to the Slitheen agent onboard,' the Doctor said, 'and they are trying to tell it to activate their plan'.

'Wouldn't they have noticed one of those things?'

'Remember the skin suits – they hide themselves inside those.'

John looked incredulous. 'But they are much bigger than humans.'

'Mostly gas,' the Doctor explained. 'Believe me!'

The Doctor managed to jam the signal.

'That might not stop it for long, they'll cycle transmission frequencies until they evade the block. Come on, John, we have to find their agent.'

The TARDIS rematerialised back onboard the Yellow Submarine and within seconds the Doctor and John Lennon sprang out through the doors and ran through the ship.

'So if they are in disguise, how do we find the Slitheen agent?' John asked as they ran.

The Doctor skidded around a corner into another corridor and slammed straight

into a man dressed as Santa Claus. He helped the old man back up from the floor, the Doctor. 'Sorry,' he apologised. 'I didn't sense your presents.'
John rolled his eyes. 'Come on, Doctor!'

The pair continued running towards the guest lounge. 'Although the Slitheen can disguise themselves as humans, they can only compress so far, so they usually disguise themselves as, well, 'generously built' people.'

'Like Santa?' John suggested. They glanced at each other for a split second and then ran back down the corridor.

'Oi!' protested Santa as John tugged at his beard.

'Seems real enough,' John observed.
The Doctor checked Santa's forehead for signs of a concealed zip.

'Nothing,' he said, 'he must be a Santa Wannabe. Now there's a novelty. Sorry Santa!'

Jolly Old St. Nick was far from impressed, and was about to chastise them, but the Doctor and John had already disappeared from view.

The Doctor and Lennon burst into the lounge where Jeniah was talking to some guests, most noticeably the delegates from the Haversh Alliance and the Kaathani Protectorate.

'There's a Slitheen agent onboard this ship and we are sure it's planning something to escalate this war,' the Doctor announced to a suddenly stunned room. 'Problem is - the Slitheen are masters of disguise!'

'They could be any one of us,' John added.

The Doctor looked around the room to see if anyone fitted the typical description of an undercover Slitheen.

'Is there anything that gives them away?' asked Jeniah anxiously.

'Well they fart a lot,' the Doctor explained, 'as a by product of tissue compression. Anyone here fit that description?'

Everyone looked at Rigby, the dog.

'That's a new one,' said the Doctor, both surprised and a bit impressed.

The skin on Rigby's back started to split and a violent blue light poured from it. With a scream that pierced the eardrums of everyone in the room a Slitheen emerged from within the furry skin. It bolted out of the room and away down the corridor.

The Doctor looked around, saw the buffet table and threw a jar of pickles at Lennon.

'Vinegar is lethal to them,' the Doctor told him.

'I wouldn't kill it, however evil it is,' John protested.

'It doesn't know that,' the Doctor suggested. 'Now, go on, there's something I need to do here.' John ran down the corridor after the Slitheen.

The Doctor pulled a computer terminal off a nearby wall and after reprogrammed it with the sonic screwdriver. He scanned the ship for any Slitheen technology.

'I need to find any Slitheen tech installed onboard,' the Doctor explained. 'They must have had a reason for the agent being onboard.'

Jeniah was panicking, her tears started to well up. 'We were just getting somewhere,' she said.

The Doctor paused for a minute. 'We are from the past, or at least John is. John Lennon,' he added. 'He's not a fake or a Wannabe, he's the authentic one - the original, you might say. Now he's onboard this ship keeping your dream of peace alive. It's your turn to do the same.'

The Doctor continued to look for any trace of Slitheen technology and discovered a few adaptions to the ship. The Slitheen agent masquerading as Rigby had linked the ship's control system to the Slitheen ship, and somehow all of the other ships in both fleets. He remembered that the Slitheen had sold ships to both

armies and, like all warmongers, they had no doubt planned for the eventuality of peace. If they needed to, the Slitheen could force one ship to fire upon another. Start a skirmish if one didn't happen naturally.

'They've hacked all the ships,' the Doctor said, 'but I can take advantage of their network.'

'OK,' Jeniah replied, looking around as she was thinking on her feet. 'While you do that, I'll get back to the delegates.'

'Oh, you'll need some posts, boards and paint,' the Doctor said. 'I have a plan.'

Elsewhere on the ship, John had cornered the Slitheen and he waved the jar of pickled onions in front of it. The Slitheen recoiled back.

'This could kill you,' John warned the Slitheen, 'but I am not a murderer like you or your lot. I don't believe in killing whatever the reason.'

John put the pickled onions on the floor as some security guards arrived and walked back to where the Doctor was. The

Slitheen lunged towards John as he turned his back, but a sack full of presents slammed into it's face, knocking it back.

'Ho! Ho! Ho!' a voice bellowed beside him.

'I've never been more pleased to believe in Santa,' John added.

John made his way back to the guest lounge to see Jeniah had managed to keep the peace delegates talking.

'I've disabled the Slitheen ship completely,' the Doctor told them all.

'But I've kept their network active.'

The Doctor showed John the display screen, but it looked just like a higgledy-piggledy spider's web.

Jeniah, the delegates, and several of the guests had gathered around John and the Doctor.

'We are so honoured,' Jeniah smiled, 'to have you on board.'

'Save the sentimentality,' the Doctor butted in, 'because I've found a better use for it! The network the Slitheen have been using for their shadow war extends much further that just these fleets. They've been influencing the media outlets on both the Havershi and Kaathani homeworlds. They've been seeding disinformation and hatred, stoking the fires of war. But we could use it ourselves. We could send them all a message from this ship... to both fleets and both homeworlds.'

John smiled. 'When the people on both their worlds see how their war has been run by Clor and his warmongers they will soon lose their appetite for war. War will be over, Doctor. But only if they want it to be.'

Jeniah and all those gathered around them agreed to join in with John and the Doctor - this was their chance to stop a war.

‘3… 2… 1…’ the Doctor said as he stood next to an old camera he had hardwired into the Slitheen network. ‘Action!’

John Lennon stood forward and spoke to the collected media.

‘For years both your sides have fought this war. Many thousands have died on both sides. Family members who will never return home. And for what? This war serves no purpose. The only winners are the warmongers.

‘Put down your arms and fight no more. A dream you dream alone is only a dream. A dream you dream together is a reality. Dream for peace, come together for peace. War is over, if you want it.’

A slow wave of applause started to spread around the room as images of the delegates and guests, united in their message of peace, started to play on huge billboards and screens across both fleets and both homeworlds.

The Doctor had wired his TARDIS console up to the ship’s audio systems and had found the perfect song for their protest – ‘Happy Xmas (War Is Over)’.

Afterwards, the Kaathani and Havershi representatives approached John and told him that their leaders had sworn to make a renewed effort to find a way for peace, and had called for an immediate cessation of hostilities. It wasn’t going to be easy, but peace was what both of their peoples wanted.

‘A Christmas truce,’ the Doctor whispered to John, ‘and not our first today.’

Christmas Eve, 1979

‘We did it Doctor,’ smiled John. ‘We did it. Thank you for showing me the future. There will always be politicians who try to go to war, but there will always be people willing to rise up for peace.’

John Lennon walked a few more steps down the alleyway. The Doctor stood by the TARDIS.

‘Aren’t you coming in for a drink?’ John said, pointing towards his door. ‘You can even bring that guitar of yours.’

‘It’s time for me to go,’ the Doctor said. ‘I left Nardole on a planet made mostly of marshmallow, and I’d better get back while there’s still some of it left.’

‘What about next year then? You’ll have to come back next Christmas, or the year after.’

A pang of sadness reached the Doctor’s hearts. He turned around and closed the TARDIS doors, straightened his bow tie and smiled at John.

‘You know what?’ he said. ‘I think I’ll come in for that drink.’

‘You’re Scottish in this body, aren’t you?’ laughed Lennon. ‘I’ll have to get you a whisky?’

They both laughed as they made their way into John’s house.

Christmas Eve, 1980

‘It ended with an assassination,’ the Doctor said softly to himself. ‘8th December 1980, New York. But his message of peace is eternal.’

The Doctor looked down onto the Earth and imagined the Christmas dinners being eaten and the crackers being pulled, the presents being given. Families getting together. He also thought of those who didn’t have such things, those who were less fortunate.

‘War is over, if you want it,’ the Doctor spoke.

It wasn’t only just a message of peace – it was a message to do something about it. To make your voice heard. To encourage people to stand up and find ways to hold hands across all the nations. Peace on Earth. And the Doctor knew that someday the humans would find a way to achieve just that.

John Lennon’s message of peace would never die, the Doctor thought as he smiled to himself.

‘Merry Christmas, John,’ he whispered.

THE END

ANSWER to SECOND SIGHT

THE TWELFTH DOCTOR ANNUAL WAS WRITTEN, DRAWN AND DESIGNED BY MALCOLM ORR

tardis_tales_74

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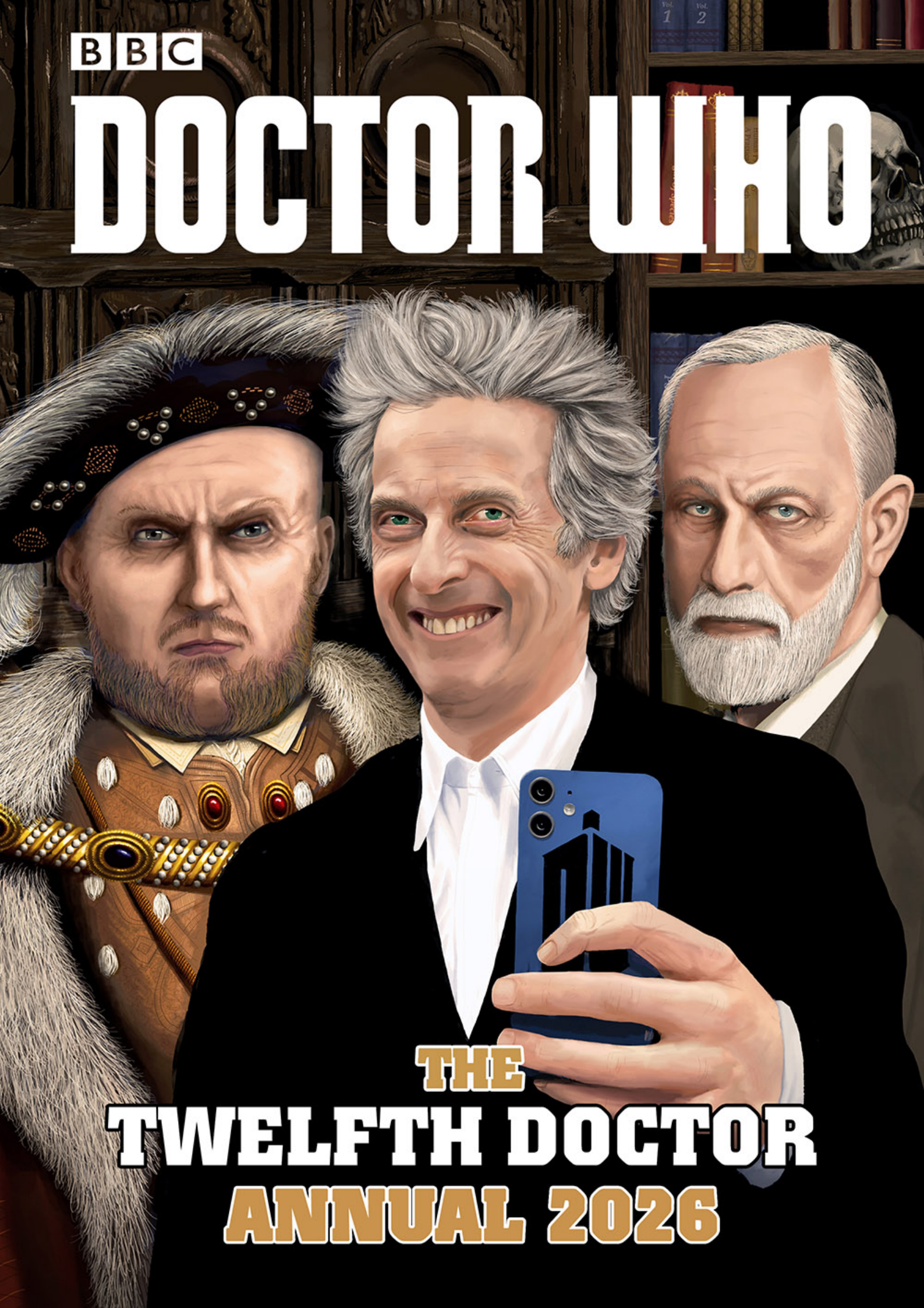
BBC
DOCTOR WHO
THE
TWELFTH DOCTOR
ANNUAL 2026

CLARA OSWALD

ATK 3 DEF 4 SKL 4

STRENGTH	2
AGILITY	3
ENDURANCE	4
KNOWLEDGE	5
AWARENESS	6
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

THE DOCTOR

ATK 4 DEF 5 SKL 8

STRENGTH	4
AGILITY	5
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	9
AWARENESS	8
RESOLVE	6

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

BILLS POTTS

ATK 2 DEF 3 SKL 3

STRENGTH	2
AGILITY	3
ENDURANCE	2
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	2
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

RIVER SONG

ATK 3 DEF 5 SKL 6

STRENGTH	4
AGILITY	6
ENDURANCE	7
KNOWLEDGE	7
AWARENESS	6
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

KATE LETHBRIDGE-STEWART

ATK 5 DEF 4 SKL 4

STRENGTH	3
AGILITY	5
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	5
AWARENESS	6
RESOLVE	7

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

OSGOOD

ATK 2 DEF 5 SKL 5

STRENGTH	2
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	2
KNOWLEDGE	7
AWARENESS	4
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

MADAME VASTRA

ATK 4 DEF 4 SKL 4

STRENGTH	4
AGILITY	6
ENDURANCE	7
KNOWLEDGE	5
AWARENESS	5
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

STRAX

ATK 6 DEF 2 SKL 3

STRENGTH	9
AGILITY	4
ENDURANCE	8
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	2
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

JENNY FLINT

ATK 3 DEF 2 SKL 5

STRENGTH	5
AGILITY	7
ENDURANCE	5
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	3
RESOLVE	2

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

Printable page

MISSY

ATK 5 | DEF 3 | SKL 6

STRENGTH	2
AGILITY	6
ENDURANCE	5
KNOWLEDGE	9
AWARENESS	7
RESOLVE	3

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

DAVROS

ATK 4 | DEF 2 | SKL 7

STRENGTH	3
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	5
KNOWLEDGE	8
AWARENESS	7
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

ZYGON

ATK 5 | DEF 2 | SKL 3

STRENGTH	6
AGILITY	5
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	5
RESOLVE	3

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

SANDMAN

ATK 3 | DEF 3 | SKL 2

STRENGTH	8
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	3
KNOWLEDGE	1
AWARENESS	2
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

THE FORETOLD

ATK 5 | DEF 5 | SKL 1

STRENGTH	4
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	7
KNOWLEDGE	2
AWARENESS	3
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

ROBOT KNIGHT

ATK 6 | DEF 3 | SKL 2

STRENGTH	8
AGILITY	3
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	1
AWARENESS	1
RESOLVE	2

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

DALEK

ATK 6 | DEF 4 | SKL 3

STRENGTH	8
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	8
KNOWLEDGE	4
AWARENESS	5
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

THE MIRE

ATK 4 | DEF 4 | SKL 2

STRENGTH	7
AGILITY	4
ENDURANCE	5
KNOWLEDGE	2
AWARENESS	4
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

'RUSTY'

ATK 5 | DEF 4 | SKL 4

STRENGTH	7
AGILITY	1
ENDURANCE	5
KNOWLEDGE	7
AWARENESS	8
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

ASHILDR

ATK 4 | DEF 4 | SKL 6

STRENGTH	3
AGILITY	5
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	4
AWARENESS	6
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

NARDOLE

ATK 2 | DEF 4 | SKL 3

STRENGTH	4
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	3
KNOWLEDGE	4
AWARENESS	3
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

OHILA

ATK 2 | DEF 6 | SKL 6

STRENGTH	2
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	4
KNOWLEDGE	7
AWARENESS	8
RESOLVE	6

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

HEATHER (PILOT)

ATK 4 | DEF 4 | SKL 2

STRENGTH	4
AGILITY	4
ENDURANCE	9
KNOWLEDGE	2
AWARENESS	4
RESOLVE	7

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

PERKINS

ATK 1 | DEF 3 | SKL 2

STRENGTH	2
AGILITY	3
ENDURANCE	2
KNOWLEDGE	4
AWARENESS	6
RESOLVE	3

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

THE GHOST

ATK 6 | DEF 7 | SKL 4

STRENGTH	9
AGILITY	7
ENDURANCE	8
KNOWLEDGE	2
AWARENESS	5
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

ROBIN HOOD

ATK 7 | DEF 5 | SKL 7

STRENGTH	5
AGILITY	6
ENDURANCE	4
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	4
RESOLVE	6

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

THE FIRST DOCTOR

ATK 3 | DEF 6 | SKL 8

STRENGTH	3
AGILITY	3
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	9
AWARENESS	7
RESOLVE	9

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

ELIZA

ATK 2 | DEF 2 | SKL 4

STRENGTH	3
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	3
KNOWLEDGE	2
AWARENESS	4
RESOLVE	6

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

SONTARAN

ATK 5 | DEF 4 | SKL 4

STRENGTH	8
AGILITY	4
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	4
AWARENESS	5
RESOLVE	6

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

ICE EMPRESS

ATK 4 | DEF 6 | SKL 5

STRENGTH	5
AGILITY	4
ENDURANCE	5
KNOWLEDGE	6
AWARENESS	7
RESOLVE	6

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

FRIDAY

ATK 5 | DEF 5 | SKL 4

STRENGTH	7
AGILITY	4
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	4
AWARENESS	5
RESOLVE	8

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

MONDASIAN CYBERMAN

ATK 5 | DEF 3 | SKL 3

STRENGTH	7
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	6
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	1
RESOLVE	4

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

CYBERMAN

ATK 6 | DEF 3 | SKL 2

STRENGTH	8
AGILITY	3
ENDURANCE	3
KNOWLEDGE	2
AWARENESS	1
RESOLVE	7

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

TRUTH MONK

ATK 3 | DEF 2 | SKL 5

STRENGTH	2
AGILITY	3
ENDURANCE	4
KNOWLEDGE	6
AWARENESS	8
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

EMOJIBOT

ATK 3 | DEF 3 | SKL 2

STRENGTH	5
AGILITY	2
ENDURANCE	4
KNOWLEDGE	1
AWARENESS	2
RESOLVE	6

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

THE VEIL

ATK 7 | DEF 2 | SKL 2

STRENGTH	7
AGILITY	1
ENDURANCE	8
KNOWLEDGE	2
AWARENESS	3
RESOLVE	9

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO

ZOMBIE

ATK 3 | DEF 2 | SKL 2

STRENGTH	4
AGILITY	1
ENDURANCE	2
KNOWLEDGE	3
AWARENESS	1
RESOLVE	5

AT TAC TIK

DOCTOR WHO